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THE GRAIL

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America, Here We Come

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

HERE at home each one of us has a wonderful Dad and an equally wonderful Mother. In school we have repeatedly learned that we have a second mother—Holy Mother the Church. We also have learned that you were our fatherland, but we don't exactly like to stress the "land" in fatherland. After all it only means river valleys, pasture lands, prairies, and some desert spots. If it is all right with you, we are going to cross out the "land" and simply call you "father." If we have another mother, why shouldn't we have another father? We'll not call you Uncle Sam; we'll call you Dad.

If you don't mind, Dad, let us open up. First of all, we really like that suit you wear. That red, white, and blue combination is an inspiration to us. It stands for something that you are and tells us what we ought to be.

That white calls upon us to have purity of intention and ideals in our service to you. We don't believe in any fifth column stuff. We believe in loyalty. Those white stripes teach us to be pure and innocent in mind, body, and soul. They teach us not to fraternize with sewer rats; they would keep us from grovelling in the gutter, and from wasting the name of pal on the pigs wallowing in the mire. Furthermore, the white means to us honesty and sincerity. Our ambition is to imitate your "Honest Abe."

As for red it reminds us that we are a flaming youth. We are glad that you told us that it stands for hardiness and valor. We hope that you don't think that we are soft. Some of the blood of your own "Old Hickory" and "Stonewall" courses through our veins. We are not cowards but brave youngsters. Like Leonidas we'll stand at another Thermopylae if things come to their worst.

That blue attracts us too. We might have made wild guesses about it if you had not told us that it calls for "vigilance, perseverance, and justice." Well, Dad, we really think that we can boast of these virtues. We

shall delight in being your sentinels. From the fire towers of patriotism and devotion we shall look for and quickly extinguish the devastating fire of un-American activities that threaten to snuff out the verdure of your mighty oaks. We also hate the name of quitter. Our motto is that we will stick to the guns. We hope that you give us credit also for a keen sense of justice.

We used to get puzzled about the stars on your suit. But they now somehow remind us, as they did St. Therese, that our names are written in heaven. They skyrocket our fondest hopes beyond the stars. We are always reading about stars in the paper. But the stars on your suit are much more inviting. They seem to beckon us to imitate two clusters of stars, the constellations known as the saints, and the constellations heralded as great Americans.

Dad, if you don't mind, we should like to mention a few things we have been thinking about for a long time. In the first place we second the words of one of your great sons, Speaker Joseph W. Byrns, who, when dying, said to his physician: "Doctor, you may be surprised to



hear me say it, but do you know what is the matter with our country? We have gone away from our Maker. We need to come back to the Lord." Don't you think that he was right, Dad? For this reason some of us are going to become priests, others lay-brothers, others of us will enter into convents. We are determined to get God back into the country.

We are not coming to you in a Model T, or riding on the back of a tortoise, but we are coming on your streamliners and in your clippers. We are in for modern things, and, if you will pardon our youthful boldness, how about a few modern ideas,

or, if you will, a New Deal, in regard to national morality? This rendezvousing with Reno is getting stale. We shall be reluctant about getting married some day since we see the collapse of so many homes on account of the ripvanwinking philosophy of married life. What we want is solidity and stability in marriage so that we can present you with a generation after us that is confirmed in the principles that are so necessary for a great nation.

Dad, there are several other things that we should like to have. For example, can we count on a job? We believe with the old philosopher that happiness consists

in work and that the result of the lack of it is unhappiness. And honestly, Dad, we'd "rather wear out than rust out."

Getting down on our knees, Dad, we plead with you to give us peace. It is true that we have been taught that "it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country," but we'd rather live for you. Is the story true that they are thinking about hanging up the Liberty Bell to see if it will toll?

Dad, we hope that we haven't bored you. We know that you will understand our youthful ways. All that we wanted to say was: America, here we come!

Institute of Catholic Social Studies

THIS year, the fiftieth anniversary year of *Rerum Novarum* and the tenth of *Quadragesimo Anno*, is marked by another event of importance to Catholic social action. At the Catholic University of America Summer School in Washington, D. C., there is to be inaugurated a permanent Institute of Catholic Social Studies.

PURPOSE OF THE INSTITUTE

The Institute of Catholic Social Studies was founded primarily to provide American Catholics with an opportunity for a thorough study of the social principles and programs of the Church. To achieve this aim, it offers a complete program of courses on Catholic social theory and related subjects. This program is organized around the great social encyclicals of the recent popes, which are considered both in themselves and in the light of their historical background dating from the beginnings of Christendom.

THE FACULTY

The members of the faculty are known for their competence in their chosen field and for their ability to present their subject in a clear and interesting manner to beginners. The choice of textbooks, readings, and other material is such that college students with no previous studies in this field should be able to follow the courses successfully.

Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S., Ph.D., Director of the Institute; Professor of Economics, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Louis Francis Buckley, A.B., M.A., Acting Head, Department of Economics, and Associate Professor of Economics, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Wilfrid J. Garvin, Ph.D., Instructor in Sociology, Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

Elizabeth Morrissey, Ph.D., Professor of Economics, Notre Dame of Maryland College, Baltimore, Md., and The National Catholic School of Social Service, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Wilfrid J. Parsons, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Politics, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Percy A. Robert, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Sociology, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

STUDENTS AT THE INSTITUTE

It is felt that the Institute will best serve Catholic leaders among the laity, religious, and clergy. To business men, lawyers, farm leaders, labor leaders, and public officials it will afford sound principles to determine their policies in critical times. Many teachers will find it a welcome opportunity to supplement previous training in the purely secular aspects of the social sciences.

ADMISSION TO CLASSES

The complete program of the Institute is normally covered in three years, although a basic, fundamental course could be completed in one summer. Students who plan to attend for one year only are advised to take as a fourth subject the seminar on Technique of Catholic Social Action. Normally students will choose three subjects each year from the courses offered. Students with special backgrounds or needs may select a program adapted to these needs. Should they decide upon an advanced course not available during the opening year of the Institute, permission will be granted for attendance at similar courses in the other departments of the University. This permission is to be obtained from the Director of the Institute.

FUNDAMENTAL PROGRAM (any three courses)

CATHOLIC SOCIAL PRINCIPLES Dr. Cronin

GENERAL ECONOMIC BACKGROUND. Dr. Morrissey

SPECIAL ECONOMIC BACKGROUND. B. FARM PROBLEMS. Mr. Buckley

SPECIAL ECONOMIC BACKGROUND. F. FARM PROBLEMS. Dr. Garvin

ADVANCED PROGRAM (any three courses)

TECHNIQUE OF CATHOLIC ACTION (Seminar) Dr. Cronin

CATHOLIC POLITICAL THOUGHT AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. Dr. Parsons (to commence in 1942)

FUNDAMENTAL CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY. Dr. Robert (to commence in 1942)

SPECIAL ECONOMIC BACKGROUND: C. LABOR RELATIONS. (To commence in 1942)

SPECIAL ECONOMIC BACKGROUND: D. CO-OPERATIVES AND CREDIT UNIONS. Dr. Garvin

COMPLETE PROGRAM (any three courses)

HISTORY OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT. Dr. Cronin (to commence in 1943)

COMPARATIVE STUDY OF GOVERNMENTS. Dr. Parsons (to commence in 1943)

SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS. Dr. Robert. (to commence in 1943)

LABOR LEGISLATION. (to commence in 1943)

ELEMENTS OF MONEY AND BANKING. (to commence in 1943)

Complete information about the Institute may be had by writing the Director of the Summer Session, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Life's Eternal Drama

H. C. McGinnis

SHAKESPEARE saw the world as a stage, with every man, woman and child a player in the never ending drama. And so it is; we are all involuntary and unhearsed players in a great theme which began when the world began and will end when the world ends. The actors and scenes change frequently, but the main theme is always the same: Right against Wrong; Good against Evil; man's Progress is his Creator's intention.

The audience is the Ages; Past Ages, Present Ages, Future Ages. The Past Ages alternately register disgust and hope: disgust because frequently the players seem to have learned little or nothing from the centuries preceding and carry their parts miserably; hope because sometimes they act inspired, lifting the action out of threatening sags. The Present Ages squirm uneasily in their seats, for the actors now upon the stage are their offspring and since they are ad-libbing, the parents don't know what to expect next. The Future Ages are often more nervous than the Present Ages, for they know some day their children will occupy the stage and that the difficulties they will encounter in carrying out the Great Theme depend much upon the course the children of the Present Ages give to the action.

In a wing stands the Great Director Who never misses the minutest detail in the acting of even the most obscure player. Unending patience is engraved upon His face and it is well this patience is so pronounced, for very often even the leading heroes fumble around when the lines to be spoken are so obvious. But the Great Director does more than observe the players; He is always ushering onto the stage a continuous line of tiny, chubby



youngsters clad only in triangulars, babies who stare open eyed when first they view the scene. Although the newcomers number millions, the Director never fails to give each one an encouraging pat on the shoulder as He pushes him out onto the stage and for each one individually He shows a deep concern as if apprehensive these beginners miss too many cues before their stints are over.

These new ones would soon crowd the stage except that in the opposite wing stands an old, long bearded man with an hour glass. This old man has a system all his own, sometimes summoning players to leave in the very middle of a line or right at the peak of a tensely dramatic moment. As the players exeunt, the Ages jot down notes in little books; some will be remembered forever, some for a short time, some not at all. The Great Director, busy though He is, never misses an exit

and frequently gives the departing ones a gracious nod of approval. These approvals sometimes surprise the players remaining behind, for often the deepest approval is bestowed upon someone who didn't seem to be in the play at all; someone who, hidden in the density of the supporting cast, spoke no brilliant lines and never took part in the breath-taking struggles near the footlights. But the Great Director knows the Seven Mules are as necessary as the Four Horsemen.

Some of the newcomers get the idea of the theme quickly, others scarcely know what it is about when they make their final gesture. Shortly after entrance, all perceive two piles of clothing: white for the heroes, black for the villains. Each is permitted his choice and it is strange how many don't care for white. However, players are permitted to change colors whenever they choose and changes are often made, sometimes almost at the moment of final departure.

Since the players never leave the stage from their first entrance to their final exit, eating and sleeping there between lines, there are many menial tasks to be performed. These tasks do not seem to be a part of the play, yet they are; without them the play could not go on. Some of the younger players, seeing this work falling behind, grab brooms and mops and become so engrossed in keeping things running they apparently forget all about the high sounding sentences spoken by the others. Some busy themselves preparing food, washing dishes, attending those who have become ill or feeble; others shift the scenes and lay out equipment needed by the main actors. Sometimes these give themselves so unsparingly to their tasks they forget a great drama is

going on and are embarrassed when their time comes to leave the stage to discover they never even tried to get near the footlights. But their embarrassment is always dispelled by a gracious smile from the Great Director, a smile which sends these humbler ones off the stage with faces strangely aglow with a sudden understanding.

Others, equally willing, join the supporting cast, walking about with tools in the hands, or carrying papers and scripts, or looking very professional; but all help form the picture the audience must see to understand the scenes. Some seem slated from the very first to play main roles and serve their apprenticeship as pages to the leading heroes and villains, building themselves up to take over main parts when their superiors pass on. Some never do anything but stand around uselessly, seemingly too slothful to even try to see anything to do.

The scenes and the action change constantly for, since the lines and actions are unrehearsed, the course of the action is never straight ahead. Even the audience keeps shifting seats, the older Present Ages joining the Past Ages from time to time as if preferring older companionship. When this happens, a corresponding number of Future Ages slide over to join the Present Ages.

The play is never monotonous, although very frequently certain scenes are disappointing and often unexpected. Sometimes the main actors, heroes and villains alike, fail and then their supporting casts come forward to take over. At such times, indescribable confusion often reigns until certain minor players emerge as stars. The Ages delight in recalling the last instance of this kind, back in the middle of the nineteenth century. The main actors on the heroes' side had bogged down miserably and the supporting cast was frantic, when from deep down stage a tall, ungainly figure moved toward the footlights. The heroes' supporting cast forgot its fright to snicker audibly: no good thing could possibly come out of Nazareth. But they were wrong, for this quiet, unassuming giant had kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the Great Director from the moment he had

stepped upon the stage. Now, after many years of studying the cues given him, he became convinced he understood the Great Theme. Encouraged by his convictions, he strode forward, uttering lines which carried the play for years to come. He was a strange one, that player;

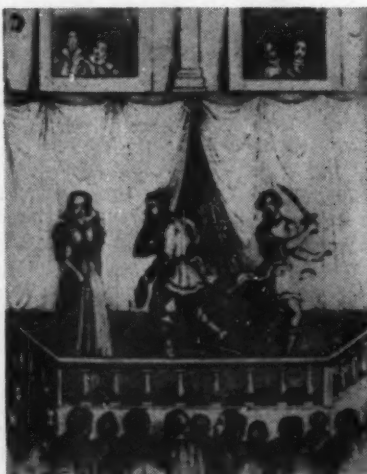
"Wanted; A Job!" is a pamphlet prepared by a group of business and industrial personnel and employment officers of several large corporations. It contains a statement of personal characteristics which they judge necessary for job success.

Written especially for college men, it has value not only for seniors but for all classes. Here are the qualities which their combined wisdom dictates as necessary.

1. Character
2. Enjoyment of work
3. Initiative
4. Mental alertness
5. Judgment
6. Getting along with people
7. Health
8. Appearance and manner
9. Ambition and objective
10. Social and Community responsibility

University of Notre Dame
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after some particularly brilliant lines which brought roars of approval from the Ages, he didn't take a bow like his lesser fellows who strutted about arrogantly, but dropped humbly to his knees, causing some



of the Present and Future Ages to think he had exhausted himself. But the Past Ages knew better; they had seen players like him before. They knew that on his knees he could better understand the Great Director for his next cue. This was undeniably true, for he always arose with greater conviction and increased courage, and his next lines would be more brilliant than their predecessors. Suddenly, in the midst of it all, this star saw the old man with the hour glass beckoning. Bowing his head understandingly to the Inevitable, he stepped down from his part with the same humility with which he had stepped into it.

The current scene is one of the most intense and vital in this ageless drama. The Ages, always pulling hard for the heroes' side, are jittery. The villains' side appears to be stealing the show and its leaders, emboldened by their successes, have gone wild, wrecking stage properties and tearing down the scenery. The main actors on the heroes' side haven't measured up to expectations and many have failed miserably, having long ago forgotten the Great Director Who could give them proper cues. The Future Ages have squirmed themselves nearly out of their seats, worrying about the future course of the play; the Present Ages scan hopefully the dense ranks of the supporting cast, praying that the middle of the twentieth century will duplicate the middle of the nineteenth. Perhaps it will; but then perhaps the supporting cast itself will have to move forward in a body to carry on until the underlying strands of the Great Theme have been reached again.

You and I are in the center of that scene. Upon us falls the burden of as careful acting as the Ages have ever seen. Our parts, small though they be, are responsible parts and the Great Director is looking at us anxiously and hopefully. We needn't get stage fright; all we have to do is keep our eyes constantly on the Great Director's face for the promptings He always gives. If we take these cues understandingly and work them out conscientiously, we shall move through our parts with a calm assurance that will keep the Ages nodding in admiration.

"It is in the high chair, not the electric chair, that crime must be fought."—Lawes

WHENCE COME VOCATIONS?

Jane A. Dargan

EMERSON said, "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not." If the germ or seed of religion is not inherent, no amount of cultivation will produce a vocation. The seed is planted in infancy and the educational training and environmental influences begin when the child is born. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing once said, "It is in the high chair, not the electric chair, that crime must be fought." It is the duty of parents to see that respect for authority is so ingrained in the plastic minds of babies that it becomes a habit to obey law and authority. There is a saying often accredited to Bunyan and to John Wesley but which really was first expressed by John Bradford, watching a criminal pass by—"There but for the Grace of God, go I."

The Grace of God expresses itself in numerous ways and environment and education may be two of them. In the first place heredity is without doubt an important factor. "He who would succeed in life should select his parents with care," is a statement intended to indicate the importance of heredity. The sublime faculties with which Almighty God endowed human beings often slumber but can be warmed anew into life and burst forth with increased vigor and power under proper stimulation.

Environment is one of the chief factors in life. Scientists have experimented with twins to test the effects of environment on two identical bodies. The experiment proved that environment exercised a great part in the development of the child but it didn't settle the age-old dispute as to the comparative importance of heredity and environment. We know that a plant often takes on new life when transplanted to new soil or placed where it receives sunshine and

fresh air. So, too, with child life: environment including the home, the school, the neighborhood, and the playground influences child development. In recent years, most of us must admit that there has been a disintegration of the home and the family. Parents today expect the school to undertake many responsibilities formerly carried by the home.

I think it is a fair assumption to say that the majority of religious vocations come from the so-called middle class of society. Fewer vocations are found in the extremes of wealth or poverty. Isn't it true that the faith is strongest in the middle class of Catholics and that they are the best supporters of the Church? It is very natural that the children of such parents should look upon religion as a very necessary and important phase of life. Such parents rarely miss Mass and are scrupulous in the matter of the sacraments. If parents make the mission, recite the rosary in unison, observe the practices and teachings of the Church, they are providing environment conducive to religious vocations. As the twig is bent so shall the tree grow is true in child development. The forces in the early life of a child determine his later development. If parents provide the proper environment and see that their children receive the right education there will be more vocations and fewer lost vocations. Environment and education both have decided effects on vocations. Both can develop and cultivate vocations, but either one or the other may destroy a vocation. The surroundings, the atmosphere, help to educate. Let the child learn by example to love right living, to respect authority, to obey, and to work diligently. Habits are formed before the school gets the child and his character is formed but not set.



Religion is the best motivation for good conduct and since there is no religion in public schools it is very apparent that Catholic education provides a better motivation for conduct and should result in better conduct and tend to develop interest in religious life. Catholic education produces most of the religious vocations. Missions and retreats secure some who did not attend Catholic schools. Man's spiritual life tends to be stifled by the acquisition of material possessions. Modern education in public schools ignores spiritual development. In the Catholic schools the acquisition of knowledge is ethically directed. Religious teachers can do much to guide and direct the child who may have a vocation. Many people waste their lives because they are wandering souls without a destination, lost in the maze of life and needing direction and guidance.

People may be divided into two general classifications those ruled by the heart and those governed by the head. Environment affects the emotions to a greater extent than it affects the head. In the case of persons governed by reason and judgment, education plays a dominant role. The sensitive, emotional child brought up in a religious atmosphere may readily develop a vocation. The practical, introspective child as he grows and considers his future will investigate occupations and vocations and try to determine for which he is best fitted and in which he can best serve God's purpose in placing

him upon earth. If he is imbued with a desire to serve, to help others, he is apt to turn to the religious life as one of the greatest means of so doing.

Just as there are cloistered orders and monasteries of varying degrees of seclusion from the world in the religious life, so I feel that out in the world many a man or woman is leading analogous forms of religious life.

Propaganda of the present world war today shows us how great can be the influence of education. The war propaganda subtly educates the masses to a determined set of mind on a subject. In the field of history we can trace the results of this in Nationalism, Isolation, and Imperialism. Some day let us hope that the Brotherhood of Mankind will claim the attention of the propagandists and that brotherly love will become a universal doctrine.

If we are to foster religious vocations we must encourage the environment and the education conducive to religion. Often it is well to transfer a boy from public high school to a seminary if he gives evidence of a vocation. In the seminary the gifts of the Holy Ghost will be developed and the vocation put to a test.

"His thought in their mind,
His emblem in their eye,
His name in their mouth,
His service in their posture, magnifying Him and calling on all that live to magnify Him."

Henry Cardinal Newman.



"The Gentleman Desires Peace"

will be resumed in the June Issue.

LIFE'S REAL VOCATION

H. C. McGinnis,

WHAT does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and yet lose his own soul?

Sometimes this vital question is lost sight of when a vocation is chosen. Possibly this mistake comes from a wrong conception of what constitutes life's real vocation or purpose. The fact is we are all born with a vocation—the attaining of holiness—all other occupations being nothing more than a means to that end. With that in view, the choice of a life's work becomes much simpler, for, taking into consideration our natural abilities, our temperaments, and the opportunities for service offered, we can select a work which will give our lives their fullest expression. Man is not put into this world to achieve fame and fortune, although sometimes these come as a natural result. Man is put here to attain a high spiritual development and at the same time contribute his share to the world's maintenance and progress.

Since one's real vocation is to holiness, obviously there is no injustice to anyone because of difference in ability and opportunity, for the lowliest peasant can attain holiness as well as the mightiest prince. Although the world has its own method of rating success, this method is not that of our Creator, Who reassures us by telling us that many who are rated first here on earth will be rated last hereafter and that many who are last in the eyes of the world will, in the final accounting, be rated first. Our choice lies between the fleeting applause of this world and the security of Eternity.

Our world's present definite trend toward Materialism is matched by its lapse into paganism. No right thinking person prefers paganism to Christian living and yet when we decide our careers in favor of Materialism we are doing that very thing. Some people thoughtlessly overlook the fact that our Creator is not impressed by what a man leaves behind him when he dies, but by what the soul takes with it. Naturally the soul's possessions are for ourselves in the life to come

Education, considered as an intellectual cultivation, propagates sin, and makes it more universal.

—Faber

intangibles, the treasures we lay up where moth and rust do not consume and thieves do not break through and steal.

However, this world is a very practical place and not everyone can retire to a cell for the good of his soul. The world's progress offers many occupations and among them is a place for every one of us. Our trouble is that we all too often insist upon a vocation with heavy material rewards. We often get the wrong idea of a successful life, overlooking that the farmer, the laborer, the clerk, and many other not too well paid occupations carry with them the same dignity as does the senatorial toga or the robes of a high court barrister. True dignity lies not in the type of our occupation but in the way we do our work. The laborer who was hired at the eleventh hour received the same wage as those who had worked all day and those who fill life's humblest occupations to the best of their ability receive, not from man but from the Creator, the same wage as those who fill the seats of the mighty.

Some are born to be statesmen and should not sacrifice that calling for the wealth to be gained in business, for conscientious statesmanship is badly needed to advance man's justice on earth and affords an excellent opportunity for glorifying the Creator through proper service to God's children. Some are born to be scientists and should struggle desperately, if necessary, to get the necessary education to release their talents for the happiness and advancement of mankind. Some are called to the priesthood, and to deny this service to suffering humanity in favor of the material gains possible in life is to snub God's plan for our usefulness. Others find their life's expression in shops and factories, in tilling the soil or sailing the seas, millions find their soul's development in rearing

and training the next generation.


Due to the rapidity of changes in occupations in this modern world, many young people are uncertain about their life's work. They know too little about the newer occupations always coming up and feel unsure about the present status of older occupations under new conditions. Today's schools are trying to remedy this by vocational guidance, but in too many instances their good intentions are not held up by the results obtained. This comes from giving the undecided student nothing but statistical information and by introducing speakers representing certain lines of work who are more interested in making a speech than in giving a true picture. General information of this type usually fails to satisfy the requirements of the student who has his individual temperament and ability to consider.

Father Thomas J. Quigley, Superintendent of Catholic Schools in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, overcomes the weaknesses in vocational guidance by a most practical method. Says Father Quigley: "No one knows more about the life of a barber than a barber himself;" so undecided students are sent out to interview workers in the lines of endeavor in which they think they might be interested. By interviews of this kind the student gets the actual low-down on the advantages and disadvantages of the work under consideration and, in addition, picks up a local color and atmosphere of the vocation not to be secured by other means. These interviews, brought back to school and pooled, form a very authoritative and definitely human view of the occupations under consideration.

But the main thing about choosing a line of work is to make sure it permits us to use our natural abilities, temperament, and interest to the very best advantage in glorifying our Creator and in attaining the holiness He placed us here to attain. The worldly benefits to be gained must not be the deciding factor; for what can a man give in exchange for his soul?

AFRICA FOR CHRIST!

*The most divine of all divine things
is to cooperate in the salvation of
souls.*



THE saintly Foundress of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Marie Teresa Ledochowska, chose Africa for the field of her labors, first: because it, more than any other land, groaned beneath the yoke of paganism, and was blinded by the Powers of Darkness, and Superstition reigned

supreme; secondly: slavery was practiced in Africa until comparatively recent years; the Arabs had carried on a lucrative trade in the traffic of human beings, and parents sold their own children to prospective husbands in exchange for a certain number of head of cattle; lastly, the saintly Foundress said that to achieve effective result, one must confine oneself to some special work.

So she founded her religious order, the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, for the conversion of the African Negroes.

Blessed repeatedly, and recommended to the charity of the faithful by the Sovereign Pontiffs, since its foundation in 1894, it has been able by the grace of God, to accomplish untold good for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls in poverty-stricken Africa.

The members of this institute do not go to Africa to work for the salvation of the Natives, but support, from civilized countries, the missionary Fathers and Sisters—and their works of zeal—without making any distinction as to the Order or nationality of the missionaries; the only preference made is for the poorest missions.

The Missionaries are in constant and intimate correspondence with the Directress General of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, and make known to her what they stand in need of, be it financial help to build, or keep up their modest mission stations, churches, schools, hospitals, to pay their native teachers, the Catechists, to buy food for the poor and orphans, be it for church vestments and sacred vessels, books for the schools and for Catechism classes. As 135 Vicariates and Prefectures are taken care of by the Sodality, one can imagine the number of letters and demands piling up daily on the desk of the Directress General.

This work entails registering the names and addresses of the correspondents as well as their requests in a book kept for that purpose (no missionary was ever refused). In turn these requests and the shipping of what is asked for, are all attended to by the respective departments of the Institute. In order to raise the funds necessary to keep the work going, the Sodality has to carry on a far-reaching propaganda, which consists in part of the publication of missionary correspondence in the *Echo from Africa* and *The Negro Child*. The letters written in the mother tongue of the missionaries must be translated into the various languages, in which the Sodality publishes its literature. Besides this, numerous leaflets and pamphlets, purposing to make known the crying needs of the missions and to ask for help are printed in the Sodality's printing offices.

According to the Statutes of the Sodality, an annual report of all donations received, shipments to Africa, an exact account of expenses and disbursements, must be sent to the Holy Congregation of the Propaganda on which the Sodality depends. It is needless to say that added to the activities mentioned, there are, of course, the ordinary household tasks for the upkeep of the Sodality's houses, so that girls with less education also find a vast field of satisfying work.

From this short outlining of the work of this modern and up-to-date mission society, it is evident that every talent and ability can be made use of, which the postulants bring into religion as a dowry given to them by their Creator. Every one will be employed according to her intellectual and physical abilities.

But above all, the Postulant must have a real religious vocation, supernaturally inspired and a great love for the missions.

Some pious souls say that they would rather go to the foreign mission field, than support the missions from behind the lines. Let these good people reflect that it may seem more heroic to go to pagan lands to work for the salvation of souls, but it means also a heroic self-sacrifice to do, in the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, the hidden work, and make sacrifices known only to God, and not even to witness the great good one is accomplishing.

This hidden life should appeal to souls seeking perfection, not to satisfy themselves, but for the great good pleasure of Jesus—at the same time working for His greater glory and the salvation of souls.

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver, 3624 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri, is ever ready to answer any communication relative to entrance into the Religious Institute.

The VOCATION OF A TEACHING BROTHER

Brother Jogues, C.F.X.



BEFORE HIS ascension into heaven, our divine Lord charged His Apostles, as the first leaders of His Church, with the mission of teaching mankind the eternal truths He had communicated to them. "Going, therefore," were His solemn words, "teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. . . and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." In virtue of this divine mandate and of her spiritual motherhood over all men, the Catholic Church has never ceased, through all the centuries, in every quarter of the globe, to exercise her supreme authority to teach. This mission has been carried out primarily by the hierarchy—the popes, bishops, and priests—to whom it preeminently belongs, through the sacraments and the liturgy, dogmatic definitions, encyclicals, pastorals, sermons, books, treatises, and personal instruction. In an auxiliary and supplementary way, especially in modern times, it has been carried out, too, by the teaching religious orders of the Church.

Christ founded His Church to spread the Gospel, and accordingly the Church has always concerned herself first and foremost with teaching the truths of salvation. Yet, "every form of instruction," to quote Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education, "no less than every human action, has a necessary connection with man's last end, and therefore cannot be withdrawn from the dictates of the divine law, of which the Church is guardian, interpreter, and infallible mistress. . . . Therefore with full right the Church promotes letters, science, art in so far as necessary or helpful to Christian Education, in addition to her work for the salvation of souls; founding and maintaining schools and in-

stitutions adapted to every branch of learning and degree of culture."

Up to the sixteenth century, when their general aims were parallel, the Church and the State cooperated in establishing and maintaining schools for the instruction of both clergy and laity. The monasteries especially were "homes of study and depositories of learning," and in the great universities both churchmen and lay professors were found on the faculties. With the advent of the so-called Protestant Reformation, however, and its sweeping challenge to long-established truth, there arose orders of teaching religious, both men and women, who had for their common purpose the combat of heresy and the spread of religious truth along with secular knowledge among all classes. The Jesuits, among the first and most famous in this field, were followed by other orders of priests, by the Christian Brothers and similar congregations, and by numerous branches of Sisters, down to the present day. We are here particularly interested in the teaching Brothers.

Some orders of priests still include formal teaching in the schools as part of their work, but in an ever increasing number of Catholic schools today—especially in the upper grades and in high school—the boys are taught, not by priests or nuns or seculars, but by Brothers. Yet, there are comparatively few Catholics who understand the nature of a teaching Brother's vocation, who can tell you just what a teaching Brother is.

In the first place, he is not a priest or a candidate for the priesthood, but a layman. Yet, he is a layman in no ordinary sense of the term, for he belongs to the *religious state*, a fixed form of life approved by the Church, with the primary purpose

of affording those who follow it a surer and more perfect means of attaining their final end in heaven. To this purpose the *religious*, as members of this state are called, freely binds himself by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and further submits himself to the rules and constitutions of his particular order, whose distinctive dress he wears. The teaching religious, moreover, devotes his life to the secondary purpose of the Christian education of youth, a phase of apostolic work which he is privileged to share with the hierarchy.

Is it necessary for a layman to become a Brother in order to engage in the work of the Christian education of youth? No, it is not absolutely necessary, but it is better. The religious state is a more perfect form of life than the secular, and gives the Brother the advantage of extraordinary opportunities for personal sanctification which are not found in ordinary life in the world. He believes that the better he is as a *man* the better he will be as a *teacher*. His religious vows, moreover, apart from the efficacy they impart to his spiritual life, relieve him of the distracting cares of providing for a family, of the pursuit of wealth, and of ambition. He is free to give himself wholly to his work of educating the young. He renounces any claim to having sons of his own in order to devote himself entirely to the sons of others. His membership in a teaching order, besides, gives him the advantage of permanence in his calling, unity of purpose with his fellow-religious, and mutual help.

It seems necessary again to emphasize the fact that the vocation of a teaching Brother is a vocation in itself, distinct from the priesthood as it is distinct from the marriage state. People ask Brothers why they do not become priests. For the same reason that all men do not become doctors or lawyers. "If we were all philosophers," once wrote a sage Jesuit, "who would sell peanuts to the philosophers' children?" The Brotherhood is not a step to the priesthood but something complete and final in itself. As Saint Paul put it, "There are diversities of ministries but one God." A boy once told a friend of his that he was going to become a Brother. "Why don't you become a priest?" was the answer. "Do you want to play second-fiddle?" The boy's reply was wise beyond his years: "It isn't a question of playing second-fiddle," he said, "but it takes all kinds of instruments to make an orchestra!"

Granted that the vocation of a teaching Brother is a true and distinct one, does it yet seem insignificant? Listen to the testimony of a few of the leaders in our hierarchy. "In all the world," says Cardinal O'Connell, "there is no vocation nobler than the teacher's vocation, save the priesthood.

This very nobility of the religious teacher's life is the source of perfect joy and satisfaction—the influence of the religious teacher never passes out of the lives of his pupils." The late Cardinal Mundelein, speaking of the uselessness of building schools without Brothers and Sisters to teach in them, said: "These Teaching Orders of the Church are filling the most pressing need of the present day. They are fulfilling the first and most important part of the commission given by their vows, they are the sharers of the priestly work, and by the graces of their special vocation are better able to perform it than the priests themselves." Archbishop Hanna calls it "a misplaced zeal in anyone to seek to set a boy aside from his purpose of entering the Brotherhood, even in the hope that later he might attach himself to the priesthood. . . . We cannot forget," he continues, "that our clergy, for the most part, are recruited from our Catholic schools and that without our religious teachers, Brothers and Sisters, the ranks of the clergy and our educational system must alike suffer immeasurably." It would be an easy matter to multiply such quotations, for numerous other prelates and priests have expressed themselves in similar terms concerning the excellence of the vocation to the religious Brotherhood.

Some may wonder what living the life of a Brother is like. Is it not a dreadfully unnatural and dull kind of existence? Let us remember that the Brother is first of all a religious and that the religious state is founded on the evangelical counsels of our divine Lord. It cannot, therefore, be unnatural. Supernatural is rather the word. And to live this supernatural life, the Brother can draw upon an abundance of graces. Each morning he gets up early for prayer, meditation, Mass, and Holy Communion. During the day he returns to the chapel two or three times for additional religious duties, and he has always access to the Blessed Sacrament for private visits. While his way of life demands specific sacrifices, God is always generous with His supporting strength.

Nor is the Brother's life a dull one. He is by profession a more or less lifelong student, a porer over books long years after he has received his collegiate degrees. Every good teacher keeps his mind fresh and full by study and reading. His classes keep him constantly occupied—and constantly interested. There are no more interesting creatures in the world than boys. He is a big brother to them—engrossed, not only in their studies, but in everything else that interests them: their sports, their hobbies, and especially their ambitions. To guide them, to aid them in the formation of Christian characters is not dull but most absorbing work.

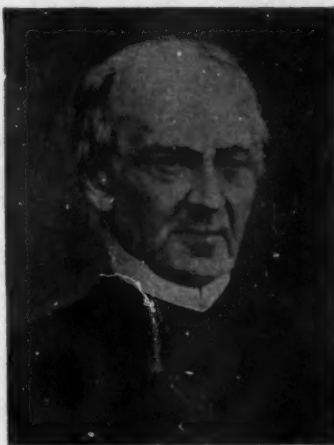
Those who work sympathetically with the young never lose their youthful outlook, and certainly this is true of many a Brother whose old body still holds a young and buoyant heart. The life of a Brother is normally a dynamic and happy one. If it is exacting, it has many compensations, and the Brother truly learns that the yoke of the Lord is sweet and His burden light.

There are a number of orders of teaching Brothers in the United States today. The most widely known, perhaps, are the Christian Brothers, the Irish Christian Brothers, The Brothers of Mary, the Marists, the Marianists, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Cross Brothers, the Holy Ghost Brothers, the Franciscans (O.S.F.) and the Xaverians. The writer, a Xaverian Brother, may be pardoned if he concludes this article with a brief sketch of the history of his own institute in this country.

The Xaverian Brothers, or Brothers of St. Francis Xavier, are scarcely more than a hundred years old, having been founded in 1839 in Belgium by a pious Hollander, Theodore James Ryken. The founder, who was later called Brother Francis Xavier, had intended from the beginning to establish schools in America, for he had been a catechist in this country, but it was not until 1854 that he was able to send five Brothers to Louisville, Kentucky, where they were received by Bishop Spalding.

Several years of galling hardship followed, in which the courageous pioneers fought poverty, opposition, and disappointment to maintain the American foundation. They were more than once on the point of returning to the homeland, but in

1860 a second colony of eight Belgian Brothers came to reenforce and encourage them. This was the turning point. The following year the first American novice (afterwards Brother Joseph) was received into the congregation, and from that time the Xaverians have enjoyed a steady increase in the United States—so much so that today the congregation is predominantly American in membership (although there are schools in Belgium, England, and the Belgian Congo) and has an American superior-general, the Very Rev. Brother Ambrose, C.F.X., a native of the same Louisville to which the Xaverians first came.



Theodore James Ryken,
Founder of the Xaverian Brothers

In 1866 the Brothers went to Baltimore, which became their provincial headquarters with the erection of the American Province in 1875. They later opened schools in a number of other dioceses, especially in New England and New York. At the present time over 400 of their professed Brothers teach in more than thirty schools and homes from Maine to Virginia on the Coast and as far west as Detroit and Louisville. The Xaverians

have a juniorate (high school for aspirants) at Peabody, Mass., a novitiate at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and a collegiate house of studies, at Silver Spring, Md., near Washington.

The work of the Xaverian Brothers represents but a small fraction of the important service in Christian education the various congregations of teaching Brothers in the United States are rendering the Church. The lives of the Brothers are simple and obscure, but their work will endure for all eternity.

Self Made Men

Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Pope Sixtus V was employed in keeping swine. Burns was a ploughman, Aesop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was an apprentice to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler and Virgil was the son of a baker. Ben Johnson was a bricklayer. Cervantes was a common soldier. Blackstone, the celebrated lawyer, was the

son of a linen-draper. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter. Captain Cook began his famous career as a cabin-boy. Falconer, the Scottish poet, was the son of a barber. Haydn, the musician, was the son of a poor wheelwright. Pizarro was never taught to read when a boy, but was sent to keep hogs. Shakespeare began his career as a servant. (*Dowry of Mary*, Sept. 10, 1938).

Consider the Nursing Profession

Sister Andrea

THE ancient arts are many. Nursing is one of the oldest, although history scarcely mentions it. The early history of nursing is lost in obscurity, but we have had nursing from the beginning of time. There have always been disease, illness, and helplessness. With the birth of Christ came a new motive and incentive for the care of the sick—a perfect religious teaching which profoundly affected nursing, and eventually placed it high among the professions. At this time, the true spirit of nursing came into being, whereby kindness and service to others were rendered for the love of God and merit stored up for heaven.

Nursing has never been and can never be a purely technical profession. In the nursing school program, the biological and physical sciences, such as anatomy and physiology, microbiology, and chemistry, and the social sciences such as ethics, psychology, and sociology are incorporated with the medical sciences, so that nurses may understand the significance of the underlying laws of life. These laws are not only fundamental to the conservation of public health and welfare, but enable the nurse to realize the importance of the contribution which she can make to the social and economic development of the future.

Of all the professions, nursing is one of the most

NURSES—

"There is one feature in hospital building that has brought me only joy, the nurses.... It is a never-ending delight, to see a bunch of girls, more or less timid, enter the hospital and at the end of three years go out magnificent, confident, young women. I somewhat shamefully admit I never venture on the rostrum at Commencement anymore."

—Arthur E. Hertzler—

The Horse and Buggy Doctor.



humane. It is a nurse's privilege to help in the prevention of disease, the restoration of health, and to enable individuals to continue their function in life. In the performance of her regular duties, a nurse is more closely associated with the patient than is the physician or even the members of the patient's family. She comes to know her patient's strength and weaknesses. She shares his hopes and fears. She feels his elations and depressions. For this reason,

the nurse, whose sole purpose in entering the field of nursing is to obtain a livelihood, is unworthy to be a member of the profession. For the real soul of nursing can only be known through ideals, love, and sympathy. Knowledge, of course, is necessary, so that these things can be expressed in skillful nursing procedures. The nurse should see Christ in her patient. When she approaches him she should in truth say with Saint Camillus de Lellis—the patron saint of hospitals—"My Lord, my Love, what can I do for Thee?" This supernatural motive will serve to give her courage and strength to perform the most difficult duties of her calling.

Many young women do enter the nursing profession for other than these high motives. They come to gain a livelihood, to please parents, for imagined romance, or other reasons. If the student nurse has the necessary latent qualities, she can develop the true spirit of nursing and will do so. The personal qualities of a nurse have not changed in the least throughout the years. The same strength of character, the same human interest, the same sense of responsibility are as necessary as in the past. However, educational qualifications have changed tremendously. Now as never before, the proper care of the patient demands better educational preparation. The selection of students as to their fitness for nursing has never been more exacting. On the other hand, never before have nursing schools had so much material from which to choose. Today, young women are preparing



themselves for their future work in nursing as a career through general education.

Each year finds more young women interested in becoming nurses. Parents, teachers, and others entrusted with the vocational guidance of young women should discourage those obviously unfitted for this profession. The prospective student of nursing must have abundant health, native intelligence, adaptability, emotional balance, courage, and strength of character. Health, because her duties are often arduous and confining; intelligence to pursue the increasingly difficult course of studies; emotional balance and adaptability to adjust to trying personalities and situations; courage, because she is a frequent witness to humanity's two great ordeals—God's two great mysteries—the beginning and end of life; strength of character, because an unconscious act on her part might result in untold human suffering, even death itself.

The modern nurse's uniform copies, to some extent, the medieval habit of the nun, thus indicating her relationship to the consecrated service of the religious. Every nurse has the obligation to wear her uniform with dignity. To keep faith with the noble women of the past and those of the future—

"She wears her cap with conscious grace
White linen made to symbolize
The holy place she occupies.
Woman, with sorrow in her eyes,
And laughter in her face."

General Entrance Requirements for Accredited Schools of Nursing
The applicant must be—

1. Not less than 18 years and not more than 30 years of age.
2. A graduate of an accredited or commissioned high school (Additional preparation beyond high school is advantageous).
3. In sound health as shown by physician's certification.
4. Of good character, which is to be attested to by a clergyman, her high school principal, and two or more individuals by whom applicant is known.

The vocational opportunities for nurses are multiplying rapidly. Upon graduation the student nurse now has a wide choice. Formerly, the field of nursing was restricted to private duty nursing, visiting nursing, and institutional nursing. The following list of the more usual positions will give some idea of the opportunities at the present time:

Hospital administrator, director, school of nursing, instructor, school of nursing, supervisor in hospital, head nurse (in hospital), general staff nurse, hospital historian, hospital librarian, hospital secretary, laboratory technician, X-ray technician, anesthesiologist, clinic nurse.

Public Health Field: Community nurse, County or rural nurse, school nurse.

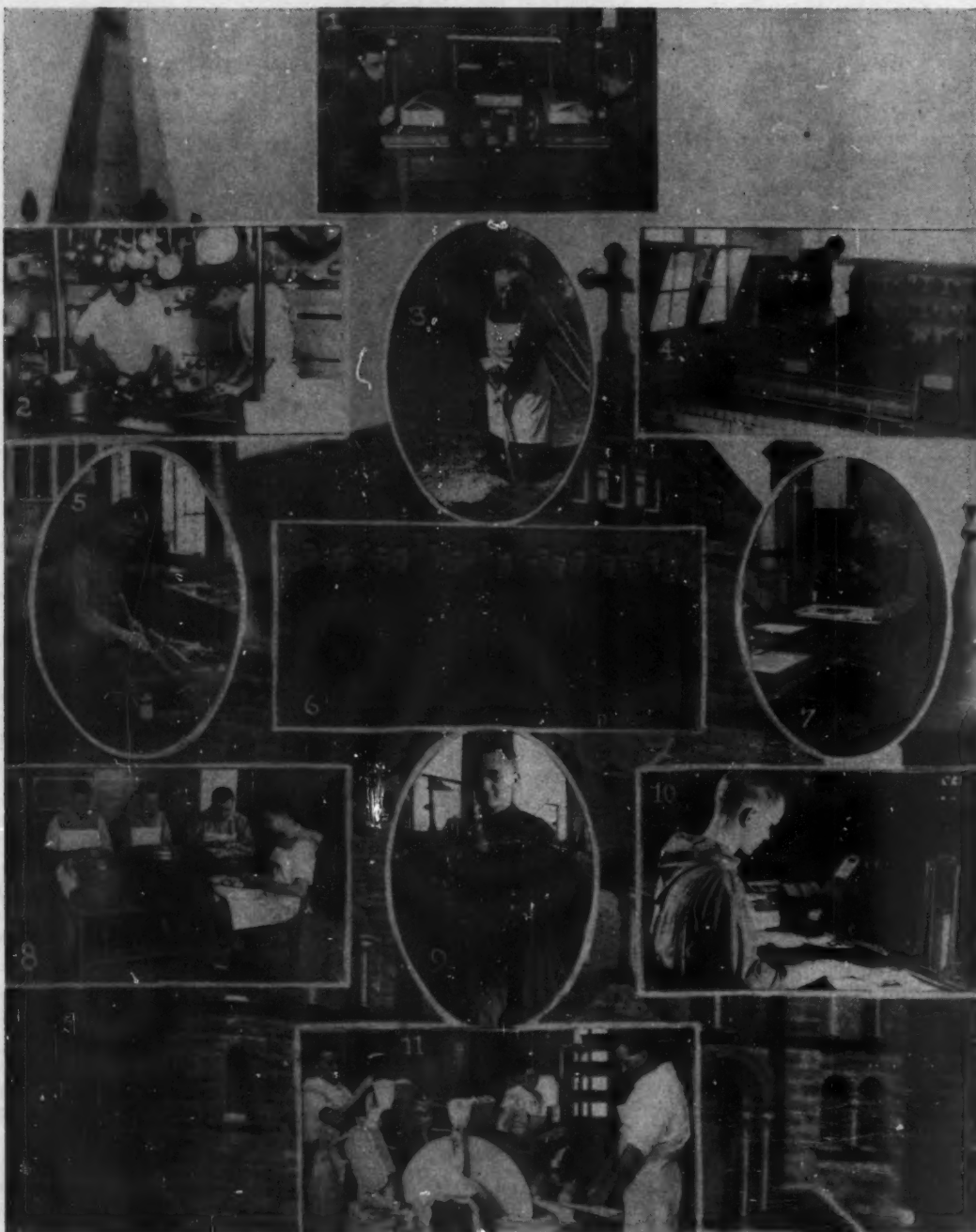
Private practice— Industrial nurse: in factories, banks, stores, office buildings; Resident nurse; in schools and colleges; U. S. Government Services: Army, Navy, Public Health, Veterans' Administration, Indian Service, Children's Bureau.

It is much to be desired that Catholic young women will seriously consider the nursing profession that right

ethics and Christian principles may be followed in ministering to stricken fellow-beings at the very moment of their reckoning with their God. Our Sisterhoods are doing heroic work in their hospitals, but we need someone to smoothe the pillows of the dying in private homes and State institutions.



St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana.



1. Brother Charles and Oblate Stephen binding books
2. Brothers Benno and Leo in the kitchen
3. Brother Placidus in his tobacco patch
4. Brother Damien feeding the

- chickens
5. Brother Lawrence in the carpenter shop
6. A group of the Brothers
7. Brother Meinrad doing some photography
8. A group of Novices in the peel-

- ing room
9. Brother Augustine in the Tailor Shop
10. Brother James at THE GRAIL addressograph machine
11. In the bakery with Bro. Anthony, Oblate Paul, and Bro. Fidelis

Making Shoes for God

Brother Crispin, O.S.B.

I WAS ONCE quite thrilled when my uncle told me that a few generations back an ancestor of mine had been royal forester to the King of England. Perhaps it meant no more to that privileged relative than it now means to the White House chauffeur to find employment in the service of the President. But I know that I have always envied the story book characters that were "Chaplains to Her Majesty" or "Physicians to His Royal Majesty's Court."

Little did I know that there was waiting for me a position in a court far more honorable than that of a mere king and queen. The salary paid to the lackeys and workmen, to the body-guard and detective aides of royalty is mere pin money compared with what I receive for making shoes for God.

And what I like about my job is that I didn't deprive someone else of a livelihood to get it. There was some competition, I suppose, but the assignment came my way about as Mary's vocation to be the Mother of God came to her. She loved God a great deal and He rewarded her for it in a most unusual way. I tried to love God and He called me to be a shoe-maker in His earthly home.

I know that there are men who wouldn't care to make shoes for anybody, just as there are men who wouldn't care to haul garbage or peddle junk. And I'll admit it may not be the most sublime occupation in the world. But I'd rather make shoes for God than make monetary fortunes for myself any day.

When, ten years ago, the catastrophic collapse of the Stock Market occurred in New York, I was a visitor in the Wall Street Exchange. From the gallery I watched bedlam break loose. And bedlam it was. Wall Street had become delirious with the greatest "bull market" in all its history. Members had been investing far beyond their income, on margin, and had been selling again at profit before they had to reach the original purchase price. Clerks were working all night for the boom that was on. Then came the inevitable. The Wall Street Giants suddenly realized that "bear" and "bull" markets they had maneuvered to their own advantage had crashed—the bull was slain and the bear was uncontrollable. There were momentary

rallies and when the photo-lux flashed slight rises in the price of market leaders like U.S. Steel, there was whistling, shouting, stamping, as of a brave army rallying around a gallant leader. All the rallies, however, were but flurries and the pandemonium of routed forces ensued. There was a mad human stampede to sell—sell as quickly as possible—at market price, and every sale dropped the market still lower. Then it was, as men stopped to count their losses that I saw the shock of dismay and the silence of stunned men give way to the frenzy of madness. Yesterday's millionaires weeping hysterically like unbalanced and broken human wrecks. A million dollars yesterday with all the luxuries and conveniences money can buy; today penniless wretches, with nerves shattered and health broken.

That doesn't happen to God's shoemakers, nor to His tailors, nor dairymen, nor printers. They may lose their last, their sewing machines, their cattle and their presses, but it is God's equipment that is gone—not their own. They remain wards of God; they have unemployment insurance, and even if they are driven from their workshops as has been the case recently in Nazi-controlled countries of Europe, they are still in the employ of God and their wages, instead of being lost or diminished, are only increased by each new deprivation.

When I came into the service of the King of kings I knew as little about the making of shoes as King Tut knew about ether waves. But I wanted a job and the idea of working for God and eternity appealed very much to me. I rang the bell at the monastery entrance, set down my valise and waited. I had already checked with my Father Confessor on my motives, my obligations to my parents, my native ability, and my good will. My pastor assured me after writing to the monastery that there would be a place for me, if it were only hoeing the potatoes. The doctor pronounced me in good physical condition, so I was quite sure my answer at the door would not be a rejection.

It was only after I had lived "like a lord" in the monastic family for several weeks that I suddenly realized I ought to do something to help earn for the large family.

Christian communism, the kind we read about in the *Acts of the Apostles*, is very much in evidence in the monastery. If I need an article of clothing, a razor, or a tube of tooth paste, I ask for it, and without quibble or question it is given to me. There are no favorites, because all want to be like Christ in poverty and in peace. But if any are particularly considered, it is the novices and candidates. Not yet inured to monastic simplicity, we might grow discouraged at the few demands made on us—or so our thoughtful brethren think—and we are spared the slightest pain by our confreres. But before long even we novices get the “spirit” and we like to put into the till as well as take from it. We, too, like to earn our bread and to contribute our share for the community. And so after a few brief instructions on the Holy Rule, we are ready to put our shoulders to the common wheel.

The Father Instructor had clearly explained that “we monks” must see Christ in one another. I wouldn’t perhaps carry a bucket of water three flights of stairs to give Brother Beppo a drink, but I would to moisten the parched lips of a dying Christ. And I wanted to do something besides eat and sleep and meditate.

When the Novice Master offered me a choice between learning the baker’s trade and learning the cobbler’s, I volunteered for either, but hoped it would be the baker. I lost, and the next day I started to dismantle old shoes and to study the method of patching and building shoes. I’m glad I wasn’t sent into the bakery—those Brothers have long hours and heated work rooms. I have an occasional free day and a not uncomfortable work bench.

But that isn’t the real reason, of course, why I like being a shoe-maker in the service of God. That occupation has spiritualized my every thought. I never drive a nail into the sole of a shoe that I don’t think of the nails I have driven into the hands and feet of my Saviour. Every time I prick my finger with my needle I think of the thorns driven into the temples of our Lord. Treating the raw leather to make it pliable shows me what a task it is for God to work our rough natures into something pliable, and I begin to understand the why’s and wherefore’s of the blows and

beatings of life. Sanding and brushing, cutting and polishing are not easy tasks, but they are important if the shoe is to be serviceable and beautiful, just as corrections and penances, privations and sacrifices are necessary to make my soul fit for heaven.

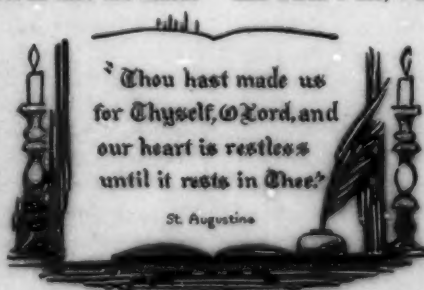
Brother Wolfgang, the gardener, finds his happiness in feeding Christ, in rooting out the weeds of vice and in cultivating the fruits of virtue; Brother Conrad, the engineer, likes to expel the darkness of sin as he fires the boilers and operates the dynamos, illuminating the church for the Divine Office, furnishing the current for the great organ, the electric cookers, the printing presses, and the carpenters’ saws.

I don’t know how it is, but every evening, when the day’s work is over and I repair to my cell to read how St. Nicholas, St. Oswald, and others attained sanctity—even St. Benedict Joseph Labre—it all seems so simple. I pray and I work—and that’s all there is to it. The security, the peace, the satisfaction of a day well spent is reward enough for any laborer. It is almost too much and I long to share my happiness with others. I agree that if it were generally known what peace and happiness are found in the cloister, there would be a mad rush to gain admission. And I laugh at the charge sometimes made that we religious are kept here against our wills—that we live in a prison, famished, scourged, and tortured. If men only knew! Let them taste and see how sweet is the Lord. Let them see the difference between voluntary solitude and involuntary isolation; between self-imposed fasting and inescapable starvation; between self-inflicted mortification and compulsory humiliation.

Yes, it’s fun to work for God, free from worry and care; it’s profitable for eternity as well as enjoyable in time. If I made shoes for men, I’d probably make a living at it, die with nothing particular in store for eternity. I certainly could not carry away a cent of my earnings. But as I make shoes for God—well, I have my livelihood assured, and when I die, I hope to have all the monastic suf-

frages in the way of Masses and prayers and in eternity the reward of the vows and of monastic consecration of myself and my work to God.

(Editor’s Note: Anyone seeking information on the vocation of the Lay-brother, may write to Father Instructor, St. Meinrad’s Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana.)



LUCKY AND BLESSED

Mary Lanigan Healy

THE HEARTS of mothers are laden with a peculiar cargo, a cargo which has to do with those fears and hopes and yearnings, unique to motherhood. You, who are mothers know full well the things of which I speak. To explain or describe them further would be impossible, for they are made up of the individual experiences of each of you in that magnificent maternal adventure upon which you have set forth. Nor can I explain these things to you whose innermost prayers and aspirations lead toward ultimate Christian motherhood. The best that can be done is to share experiences which are personal because of their nature, yet which by that very nature are universal as well.

Ours is a household of five small children, the eldest of whom is now half past five years old. In the locality in which we live, a family of that size is as unusual as the Chamber of Commerce would have us believe rain storms are. Even the children, young as they are, have noticed that we outnumber the other families up and down our street.

Mary Ann was about four when she asked the question, "Mama, why is it that we have so many more children than other people do?"

From the number of possible replies which floated in my mind at the question, I seized the one I thought most comprehensible, "We have a lot of children, Mary Ann, because we're lucky." I could have said, "Because we're blessed," just as well. We are that. We are lucky and we are blessed by the kind Father who trusted five small ones to us. It is as though we are the paramount holders in a

'lend-lease' function. It is ours, as parents to place and rule and guide incalculable treasures, to wield tremendous power with wealth which does not belong to us at all. God has indicated flattering confidence, indeed in

those He entrusts with immortal souls.

There is something in the sweet and utter dependence of the very young which is stimulating and exhilarating. In infancy there is the need of mother for every physical act. Tenderly and skillfully must the new wobbly head be held just so. Patiently must the tiny form be turned from side

to side and onto the back and tummy to ease and rest muscles beginning now to grow. Formulas must be prepared and bottles held at accurate angles so baby won't "swallow air" and that "air" brought up by a time honored pat against a steady shoulder place.

When the first stage is past and the child learns to walk and talk and even dress itself, the questions begin to come. An active little mind is clamoring for enlightenment of which mother is the most likely source. The world is an unexplored region as far as the child is concerned and the medium of introduction is the person nearest at hand.

"Mama, why?" they ask and I look into the clear questioning eyes and realize in sudden and humble shock that they actually think I know. "Why is the grass green? . . . Why does a dog bark . . . Why did Christ let them nail Him on the Cross? . . . They think I know, I, ordinary person that I am, troubled by myriads of personal doubts and fears. Then suddenly it is not that ordinary person who is called



upon to explain. Rather it is a mother, elevated above the mundane commonplace by her oneness with her who is the Mother of God and of all humanity. Suddenly I am bold and proud and utterly unafraid. There is no question, trivial or great, which I will not attempt to answer for my young, that I will not answer. Yes, I, that greater, finer self, independent of the average being, who has by virtue of motherhood become blessed among women, a part of the mystery of creation itself.

Motherhood is that. It is a lifting above triviality, a broadening of one's personality. Out of the need to measure up to innocent demands, the limitations of self are forgotten. Instead, one's hand goes instinctively out toward the kindly one of Mary and touching her in the warm clasp of prayer, there is strength and wisdom and grace to persevere.

What else is motherhood? Well, it's the reluctant slipping out of bed at two o'clock in the morning to answer a baby's hungry cry. It is the throwing back of cozy comforters not only every morning of the year but at any hour of the darkened night when there is an unwarranted cough, or sigh or moan of one's young, or when there is just the likelihood that a small one's blanket might be disarranged. It is the constant supervision of diet and habits of health. Food must be tastefully and nutritiously prepared, regardless of one's own inclination. For instance there are the moments in young motherhood when the sight or smell of food is extremely nauseating because of impending new motherhood. Utterly ignored must be this phase of one's self which sponsors such inner revolt and calls up an inclination to give in to a craving to side step duty for awhile. Whether or not one has a headache, or other illness, there is the washing to be done, three meals to be prepared, beds to be straightened, and yes, even smiles to be returned.

Of course there are those of a wealthy station in life who can ignore the physical demands of caring for youngsters. Those who are not called upon to do their own house work and scheme with finances all the while they take care of growing boys and girls are fortunate indeed. But statistics indicate that not only are such mothers in the minority but their families tend to be tragically small. Now as always, it seems to be the average home where children are wanted and loved. So to direct these

remarks to the young women who as potential mothers, are looking forward to buying washing machines and vacuum cleaners, does not seem out of place.

To these girls, pondering their fitness and aptitude for that role, I say, "Don't let anyone scare you." There is nothing, absolutely NOTHING, which can overbalance the compensations of motherhood. Suppose your hands do tend to roughen a bit from wringing flannel garments through two rinsing waters every day. Suppose you do have to trim your long exotic finger nails to a normal length. There are economical lotions aplenty to bring back smoothness to your hands and the esthetic taste of long finger nails was questionable in the first place. If you stay at home nights instead of sallying out to dine and dance, you'll have a splendid opportunity to become better acquainted with that one you chose to live with until death do you part. Each of you will be able to delve into hidden recesses of the mind and resources of the other, which you would certainly never discover by gazing at Clark Gable or Hedy Lamar on the screen. By straining carrots and orange juices for the baby, you'll save strain on your nerves at the babble of cocktail and bridge parties with a set of semi-neurotic women, possessed of extreme ennui.

As charming young girls you naturally hope to keep and enhance that charm. To more fully do that, you should give yourself up to the life of a mother. Contentment and happiness give flattering lines to a face. Frustration and loneliness only tend to wear it down past the effectiveness of beauty parlor operators to reclaim. There is no need to lose your God-given attractiveness. Mothers nowadays are not called upon to do that. There are the mechanical aids of the age to lend a hand, the washing machines and ranges and home sized mangles for you to use. There are the public libraries with free literature on their shelves. There are your Parish organizations to offer appropriate social activity. Rather than a life of limitation, yours can become one to include all of an average society as well as those higher planes which go with your station as bearer of life.

Where there are children, a home becomes not merely a place in which to sleep and eat but rather a place to abundantly live. Each day is fresh with untold possibilities. Perhaps the baby will reveal his first tooth, or venture on



that initial momentous step, or even manage to form a word. Perhaps the other twin will actually dress himself as adeptly as his sister does. Maybe Mary Ann will succeed in writing her name in full so she may be awarded that coveted library card. Looking ahead with and because of children, no day can be utterly lacking in magical lustre as its dawn presents itself.

There are of course those days when things go gloomy and drab. Often the children are the ones who rescue us from the bleak throes of our own misery. It has happened like that more than once to me. I've been perhaps preparing the evening meal, vaguely conscious of an overpowering tiredness of body and mind. Such humdrum mental notes would be straggling inside my head.... "sprinkle the clothes for tomorrow's ironing, turn off the refrigerator, so it may defrost... order a sack of sugar from the store." Then I'll hear Daddy's familiar whistle at the gate and the wild clatter of five pairs of advancing welcoming feet. "Daddy, Daddy," they cry out. "Let me tell you Daddy, please." What do they tell him then? "We saw a bird with red in front. Mamma said it was a true robin" ... "The radishes are up in the garden." ... "Daddy, Daddy the fire engine passed our house twice." As I listen to the eager excited tones, the glow of their enthusiasm miraculously permeates

me. Suddenly I realize that it has really been a lovely day. To be sure there is yet the washing to be sprinkled down, and the refrigerator to be cleared and regulated and sugar to be paid for at a new high price. But that robin! Why his was the reddest breast I've seen for a long, long time and it was I who first saw wonder at sight of a robin in the eyes of my dear five. The radishes are up too, just as green and brave as anything. How dare I overlook such an event? Food out of a tiny seed can never sink to commonplace. And the fire engine. Are we ever too old to thrill to a streak of red with the throttle opened wide?

Blessed and lucky are we in our family life and very much content. This is the sweet mystery of life. It's here right in our home. Bringing new life into the world is part of it, guarding and protecting that life to the best of one's means is another part. Joyously and expectantly we turn toward that time when our children become the new generation, when they take up where we leave off and make the ends of the circle of life meet for all posterity. In a troubled world the future is the brightest thing we know. The future is bright because our hopes are bright. The world can be as good and holy and just as fine as we pray the children of today will grow up to be.

Rearing of Children

"Let there be no mistake about this fact: that the home environment of the child will influence his development far more than all the consciously directed efforts at education and training. Character is caught more than it is taught. The tone and atmosphere of the home, and the kind and quality of the relationships in the family are by far the strongest determining influence that are brought to bear upon the child. Only when these environmental influences are wholesome and inspiring can we expect really constructive results from directed educational processes....

"The requirement of second importance for success in the job of parenthood is a sound understanding of child nature and development and of what parenthood demands. Parents need to be conscious of the fact that it is the most complex of all

tasks that fall to the lot of parents, or indeed anybody, for a human being is the most complex thing in the world. Precise knowledge is needed of the order and process of development from birth to maturity, and of the régime and means by which the plastic inborn impulses and capacities may be built into constructive reaction and behavior patterns, and how the child's best powers may be released and developed... The first three years of the child's life are the most determinative. Within

that short span he may become conditioned toward a self-reliant, self-governing, and socially adjusted personality, or toward a selfish, ill-governed individual who is destined to friction in society, if no more, and who brings disappointment or grief to the parents."

—M. J. Exner—*The Sexual Side of Marriage.*



A DISSERTATION on BACHELORHOOD

By a Desert Rat

TWO SENIORS of Brooklyn College are making a business of romance—not for themselves, particularly, but for the undergraduates and faculty. They are running a bureau for “dates” to bring together young men and women who otherwise might not meet . . . This Romance Incorporated business sounds mighty good to me, particularly in this period of history when just to survive is triumph. And it seems a safe bet that these young couples will live healthy, happy married lives judging by their sincerity and willingness to struggle.

But how is it with those in the single state? That is the question before my fireplace tonight while the stars stride by in their eternal desert watch. Is there really anything contemptuous in choosing bachelorhood or maidenhood as a mode of life?

Saint Paul didn't think so. He pointed out to the people of Corinth that man's best estate was to be gained only through single blessedness. In his eyes, the single state stood forth as the ideal life—the only life for those whose souls were strong enough to subjugate flesh and blood. Only in giving up self can we wholly serve others.

If we are truly not our own, as Saint Paul states, but Temples of the Living God, bought with a great price, how glorious, in these unsettled times—and in all times, for that matter—that there are devoted and loyal men and women who have mastered their own spirits and go about praising God in good works and perfect prayers. Viewed from this exalted standpoint, ever fixed on Evangelical Counsels, the single state is the ideal of Christian perfection.

Indeed, in these days of economic disarray, when something very serious seems to have gone wrong with our world, it is inspiring to see those who, either through choice or circumstance, spend their lives singly, yet not as members of any Religious Order or Congregation. Some kind of civil life must go on behind every chapter of history. It is

good for the nation that that life should be as unperturbed as possible. Let the “stags” and “old maids” then, not be ashamed of their calling: they are preparing tomorrow in fortifying today. For many families owe gratitude to that self-sacrificing brother or sister, aunt or uncle who help out where conditions are lean, where there are the aged, the sick, and the bed-ridden, or where motherless children abound. In this regard, my eldest sister is no exception.

Courageously Theresia took over the responsibility of raising eleven brothers and sisters upon our mother's untimely death. Like many another “eldest” under similar circumstance, she found it necessary to give up school and friends. Because she made her duty a labor of patience and love, life instantly became transfigured from gloom to delight for the twelve of us. Though youngest of the clan, I remember vividly that she surrounded us with fine music, young friends, sunny picnics in the old orchard, and happy bed-time stories. Theresia's foster-motherhood was successful because she discovered that misery is not physical, but mental and proceeded to build a fortress within each of us. Together we triumphed in our limitations.

Within the limited, wind-swept fastness of my desert land live Desert Rats, young and old, happy in their singleness, whether in search of solitude, dry desert air, or gold and mineral deposits. Perhaps the single state of life is more generally accepted in the desert than in any other area on earth. The desert will permit no divided loyalty, as any vagabond will tell you, however reticently. You either love the desert, or you don't.

In a general sense, women are disqualified in desert friendship feeling because of cosmetic preference, and so forth. The desert accepts no pretense. But occasionally a noble, big-hearted (bachelor-girl) “old maid” will be discovered find-

ing satisfaction in sand and solitude: we have a post "mistress" that runs 1000 Palms Junction post-office, who returns each night to her poultry association, seven dogs, eleven cats and one sheep; an energetic "maiden" still retains her cabin lease at my oasis ranch however she may be prospering in Palm Springs; there is a lone woman digging out silver ore over in the Mojave, and in Indio two venerable "maids" own and operate a thriving date garden.

Be that as it may, the desert is a man's world. By any token it can use, it is always calling. Barren itself in that need, it remains jealously hostile to the feminine; a remarkably lovely land, a moody, capricious land, resentful of any feminine rivalry. For here dwells Fate, personified in terms of rock and sand integrity. And that is where most of us Desert Rats come in: adequate to the desert's full acceptance, we find it enough in one lifetime to be loyal to the desert's call...

King Zany, war-torn, shattered, daring again to dream, fights back to health in the strengthening peace that broods over his homestead; and now, a little book of poems, "Stars on a Tar-Papered Roof" from his little desert lean-to in Pearl Blossom across the hills from my oasis...

"There's solace in these quiet hills
For tired men whose faith has died—
A sanctuary for the ills of men
Whose dreams lie crucified..."

Earning what he can from the sale of his little book of poesy, Zany lives austere, letting the sun, wind, and quiet penetrate his sick body... And in all remote corners of the desert you will find them—these forgotten soldiers of World War I, fighting back to a new life, new faith, new ideals,—men who, like Zany, see a New Vision ahead...

Everett Ruess, 21 year old artist-vagabond, followed his dream of wilderness trails into the strange and unknown, and for company, his burros, and sometimes friendly talks with Indians. In 1934 he was lost somewhere in southeastern Utah, and only his burros were left to tell of his last camp. But he kept his dream...! And that is consolation enough for those that knew Everett. We know that Nature speaks to us ineffably through this dream of wilderness trails, whether in the call of a wild bird, in a trembling leaf or in the whisper of desert winds...

Max was old when he came to us three years ago, with weakly meditative, burnt-out eyes—he and his shaggy burro, creeping out of the eastern hills.

"The desert kept edgin' in on me," he said. "There was too much silence out there—too much

time to think. Not like in the days when I was able to dig out my share with the rest of the boys. And it got turribly lonesome, jest Madeline and me, with all the quiet, ploddin' along day after day, scratchin' at hills and ploddin' along."

We gave him the janitor's job at our little rural school. There was little salary, but ample for Max and Madeline. You will see him before sun-up walking through sage flats from his shanty to the school, staff in hand, beard flowing, Madeline close at his heels—like a prophet of old leading his burro into the Promised Land!

Many times I have happened upon him in the winter dusk, still hoping to make a strike, panning out the gullies that lead into my canyon. "There's gold here," he muses, "but it's an old country—all washed over. Gold is everywhere, like that mica, but you'd have to pan the whole canyon to find color."

Max was born in Finland "where," he says, a bit wistfully, "even as a boy I used to climb the tallest tree jest to see what was beyond."

What is the real fascination that keeps these wanderers of the wastelands content in this land of wind and sand, gaunt canyons, colored hills and porphyry peaks? Simplicity in space and distance, perhaps? For the waste places of earth all have a peculiar attraction of their own. Begin by finding beauty in the green slopes of the Sierras and you will end by loving the austerity and silence of the desert.

Max is older now, and Madeline must have her food ground fine, for her teeth aren't any too good. But often you will see the two of them following a dusty trail of dreams against a red sunset—two gray shapes bent forward, plodding across silent wastes, searching for a ledge with "color"... Silent horizons that touch the Rim of Life, vague, drear and lonely—two shapes plodding even into the sunset...

Occasionally a visitor to my oasis will ask what brought me here? Why do I stay?—without a radio—using kerosene lamps—at the end of a sandy road that meanders up sage slopes until even jack-rabbits' trails run out and stop!

I point out that in my youth I sought for the quiet of some lonely spot where I could meditate and be led by faith to the road that leads finally to happiness. The oasis is the discovery of solitude wherein, apart from the world, and yet an integral need in the lives of those who crave super-solitude, I "live as on a mountain" and having mastered my own spirit am able to live a complete life, for tranquillity to a desert man is nothing more than loyalty to the desert's call....

"UNSUNG HEROINES"

Jane A. Dargan



MANY a heroine has been unrecognized in the role of spinster. So often we hear and read of the unmarried state of women as though the word spinster bore the connotation of opprobrium. It is absolutely false to think that all the women in the state of single blessedness have not been asked in marriage.

Many have preferred that state. Some people feel that the Catholic girl who doesn't marry should enter the convent, but all do not have the vocation for that any more than all are called to the married state. A woman may feel that she can best fulfill the purpose for which her Creator made her by remaining single. I recall hearing a priest discussing that subject with a friend of mine. He had been her confessor when she was a student and had frequently encouraged her to enter the convent. Her reply had been that she did not have the vocation and since she felt that way she thought she could do more good in the world. At the time I heard their discussion she was a middle-aged woman who was very active in social service and all activities of the Church. On that occasion the priest remarked how true had been her insight into her own character. He thought that she had accomplished far greater good in the world than she would ever have had the opportunity to do within the convent.

In many instances the spinster is to be praised rather than pitied. When one realizes the good such women do in this world we should sing their praises. It was Florence Nightingale, a spinster nurse, who became the Angel of Mercy in the Crimean War and Clara Barton who founded the American Red Cross. In the field of medicine and science we find most outstanding work done by unmarried women. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman M.D. in the United States, was a spinster and she has led the way for many others in her field. Many authors and writers of poetry have been unmarried. The names of Louisa Alcott, Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, and Edna Ferber are known to all. In government offices we find many single women have reached enviable positions. Florence E. Allen, Judge of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, Marguerite Le Hand, Personal Secre-

tary to the President, Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, and numerous others are assistant chiefs and assistant directors in almost every department of our government. Jane Adams noted for her philanthropic work, Helen Keller who succeeded despite her blindness, Malvina Hoffman the sculptress became famous spinsters. In business we find them at the head of large department stores, at the head of manufacturing concerns, and even in engineering. On the stage we have had Maude Adams and Eva La Galliene; in the field of science Eve Curie, Gloria Hollister, Edith Patch, and Florence Sabin. No one can question the great work of spinsters in the field of education headed by such names as Mary Lyon and Mary E. Wooley. One cannot enumerate them all.

"Live Alone and Like It," was a popular book a few years ago. Written by Marjorie Hillis, who has since married, it is the story of a spinster's life. The leading character of the book must have been an exceptional spinster it seems to me. Apparently, she had no relatives or else she was the selfish hard-hearted individual who could let relatives solve their own problems and remain impervious to their cries and complaints. The majority of spinsters have demanding relatives and devote their lives to the happiness and comfort of those related by ties of kinship. All the single saints are not in the cloister and the convent. For many women, single blessedness is no Utopia. Bachelors are constantly sought out, invited to dinner, flattered, and entertained, but the bachelor girl is pitied, and neglected when parties are given because "you must find a man for her to even up the party." The bachelor is always in demand for pleasure, the bachelor girl is always in demand for assistance. When she is invited it is often with the remark: "Poor Louise, she has no husband, no home, no family. We must have her over for dinner."

Many a maiden lady has been the answer to a matron's prayer. I don't know what Florence would have done without her maiden sister Grace. Florence married a lazy man who drank and used up most of the money



which Florence's mother had left her. Before the husband died, Grace had to take in Florence and her baby daughter. Florence remarried a year after her husband's death and recently Grace had to go in to live with Florence, her daughter, and the new husband to keep that home from being broken. Grace is practically a boarder in the home but supporting the family. Her car has become their family car and she is constantly feeling sorry for the poor child and spending her money to provide the niece with comforts. The saintly sister's life has been one of constant sacrifice and I doubt that she is fully appreciated.

Case No. 2: Jim wanted to go to college but the family couldn't afford to send him. It was Aunt Ma, the maiden aunt, who sacrificed for seven years that Jim might study to be a lawyer. Aunt Ma is a school teacher and used to travel in her vacations but for the past six years she hasn't had any trips because Jim needed the money. Jim completes his education in June and will probably be drafted then. Let us hope that he shows Aunt Ma his appreciation.

Case No. 3: When Uncle Otto died and Aunt Agnes was left a widow the other relatives said that Elizabeth should go to live with her, since she was single and the others had their families. Elizabeth gave up her lovely apartment and her independence to live with elderly Aunt Agnes. Aunt Agnes became feeble and senile and required constant attention. Poor Elizabeth couldn't entertain, couldn't accept invitations, and was tied down to a bed-ridden old lady for many years. When Aunt Agnes finally died, however, all the relations shared equally in her will. Elizabeth was worn out and aged from her trying years and after the death of Aunt Agnes had to re-establish herself in an apartment. None of the family appreciated what Elizabeth had done but none of the others would have done it.

Case No. 4: Bill got married and moved out of town. When his father died and his mother later suffered a shock, all the responsibility fell upon Helen, the single daughter. She worked every day and paid a woman to stay with her mother until she returned from work. Then she spent her evenings caring for her mother. Mother had another shock and has been helpless for the past three years. Helen with all her responsibility hasn't had the opportunity to meet marriageable young men and will probably be too old to get married and have her own home and children when mother passes on.

Case No. 5: Stella saved her money and denied herself pretty clothes and good times to put her younger brother, Joseph, through college. Joseph was in dental school and a long distance from home.

He wired for money explaining that he had been ill in the hospital, but was now better and back at school. At great inconvenience, Stella collected the money and sent it to her brother. The next year he was in the hospital again as the result of an automobile accident and again wired for money. This time, Stella took time from her work to fly to his assistance. When she arrived in Baltimore she found that Joseph had been secretly married and while the accident was as reported the illness of the preceding year had been concocted to provide for the expense involved when his wife was in the hospital for the birth of their baby. Stella brought Joseph, wife, and child back home. For a long time, Joseph could find no work and Stella had a family to support. Today, Joseph has a job but still continues to live with Stella and it looks as if Stella will always have to keep them.

Case No. 6: Mary is married and has two small children and a wonderful husband. Mary's mother brought up six children and did all of her own housework and laundry, but Mary finds her lot unbearable without a maid. The laundry is sent out and a woman comes in once a week to do the heavy cleaning. Irene and Margaret are maiden sisters of Mary and what those women do for her is astounding. Mary wants to go downtown to shop and Irene rushes home to care for the children and prepare the evening meal while Mary shops. Mary has to go to the hairdresser's, so Margaret gives up her Saturday afternoon to take care of the children. Irene and Margaret practically keep the children in clothes, take them riding, take them to the parks, give them birthday parties, take the children when Mary wants to entertain, go over nights to stay with the children so Mary and George can go to the movies, or to a bridge party, or a dance. When Mary goes to a dance, the spinster sisters rush around for accessories for her gown and practically dress her and send her off. Mary always has complaints and problems and never hesitates to telephone her sisters for help. She never realizes that they have problems which they must solve without help. Mary is demanding and the spinster sisters give their all in service to the breaking point of patience. They might better be married and have their own home and family than to have all the responsibility of a home without the compensating joys and happiness.

Horace said, "Many heroes lived before Agamemnon, but they are all unmourned, and consigned to oblivion, because they had no bard to sing their praises." No bard has arisen to sing the praises of the spinsters of the world, so these heroines go unheralded and unsung.



HAVE YOU ever met a fellow who walks in the Long Black Line? Have you ever seen the Long Black Line?

No, it has nothing to do with Fifth Columnists, secret societies, or thugs who step out of dark alleys and tickle your ribs with cold steel. If you have ever met a Seminarian you'll have some idea of that L.B.L. If you have seen him around a Seminary you no doubt have wondered why he wears that long, black, funny looking robe all the time. If you have seen him out in the world he was probably traveling formal... a black suit, black tie, and black accessories to match. Upon the first casual glance you thought the darkly clothed gentleman was either an orchestra member or an undertaker.

If it so happens that your knowledge of Seminarians goes beyond the fact that they are the men in black, I suggest that you waste no time reading this article; you could put in a more profitable evening by calling up Margie, or sticking your nose in the evening paper. If your patience is holding out these days you might string along with me for awhile as I attempt to give a complete and cordial introduction to the lads in the Long Black Line.

Generally people outside our faith, and some people on our own side of the fence have a very confused idea about Seminarians. It is to them that I direct this paragraph. Seminarian is not a "Winchellism" for a newly arrived "semi-arian," nor does it designate a young man who has many things in common with the adolescent young maidens who attend Miss Ettikett's Seminary for young ladies. We are simply normal American youths whom God has given the honor and obligation of glorifying Him, and sanctifying men in His Holy Priesthood.

Not long ago a group of laymen were looking for some young men to act as councillors at a summer camp. A priest suggested that they ask a group of Seminarians to take the jobs. The men held a hurried consultation, and then came to the priest and told him that they were looking for athletic young men, who knew what to do with a

base-ball, who could swim well, and could show their boys a good time while attending camp. They also added that a Seminarian surely couldn't be what they were looking for. After much persuasion the men decided to let the Seminarians take charge of the camp. The whole affair was a grand success. The Seminarians proved to be excellent swimmers, better than average ball players, and very capable of keeping the young men in their charge highly amused and out of danger.

Seminarians are, perhaps unfortunately, neither angelic spirits, nor temporary visitors from some celestial region. The average young man entering the Major or Theological Seminary is about twenty years of age. He usually comes to the Major Seminary after completing a minor or preparatory seminary course—four years of high school, and two years of college. These young men feel that they have a vocation to the priesthood when they are in grade school, and immediately after graduating enter a minor Seminary to begin their twelve long years of study. Others enter the local high school, and finish their preparatory studies in a minor Seminary. Some even finish college, and go directly to the Seminary if they have a sufficient background of studies. If not they must spend some time in a minor Seminary to receive the required academic preparation.

There are, however, men coming to the Seminary of all ages—anywhere from twenty to fifty. They



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are often men who felt early in life that they had a call to the Holy Priesthood, but were unable to answer that call. The most common reason for this is that they are the sole support of mother, father, sisters, or brothers. There are a few who never realize until late in life that they have a vocation to the priesthood. These men are exceptions to the general rule.

I don't think you could find any greater variety of human beings living together under one roof anywhere in the world than in a Seminary. Sons of doctors rub elbows with

sons of manual laborers. Sons of carpenters, farmers, factory workers eat and sleep and pray beside the sons of school teachers, factory owners, big business men. The nationalities represented form a veritable league of nations. Yet, despite all these apparent differences you won't find a group of young men anywhere in the world who practice the law of fraternity and equality as do members of the Long Black Line. No matter who you are, where you come from, or how much money you brought with you—you are still no more and no less than a Seminarian.

When you enter the Seminary you take your place in the Long Black Line. You don the garb of a Seminarian—a black cassock. That cassock may conceal the well cut lines of expensive clothing. It may cover the ordinary clothes of the working man's son—and it usually does—or it may hide the

raggs and tatters of poverty. No matter what it covers it certainly makes everyone equal as far as worldly standards go.

Seminarians even have their quarrels, and petty differences now and then, but never is one looked down upon or shunned because of the station his family holds in life, or because there is plenty of room in his watch pocket for all the money he ever has. It is remarkable how so many healthy, vigorous young Americans can live together with such peace and harmony when they see so much of each other. The only answer that makes much sense is that each and every one of them realize that they are preparing to double for Christ, and Christ found no place in His life for snobbery and petty quarreling.

Most people have the idea that Seminarians were just born with their hands folded devoutly, and their eyes cast heavenward in angelic contemplation. On the contrary, many young men who come to the Seminary have been very much a part of the world. Right now we have a three hundred pound ex-subway-motorman who is bothered with acute homesickness every time he hears a bell ring, or sees anything that even remotely resembles a subway train. Another young man was a very successful insurance salesman for a number of years—another was office manager in a large Detroit plant. Two years ago we had an ex-football coach, and a former star college fullback. One of our brethren was a magazine agent who held a seventy dollar a week job in Chicago. This young man brought with him to the Seminary one of the saddest stories I've ever heard. He had a twin brother who had ambitions to be a doctor. In order that his brother might realize these ambitions our future Seminarian decided to go to work and send his brother through medical school. As soon as the young man completed his medical training, and began to practice his profession he in turn was to send the hopeful priest through the Seminary. His brother successfully completed his difficult medical course, but

on the very eve of his graduation was instantly killed in an automobile accident.

We have an ex-popcorn-vender, school teacher, choir master, and we even had an ex-captain in the World War. For a few years an old dilapidated cowboy from Texas bunked with us. We have lads who formerly played in dance orchestras; the step from dance piano to chapel organ, from a jivin' licorice stick to a symphonic clarinet wasn't too difficult to make. Only an occasional swing session gives the faintest of hints to the "past."

On rare occasions gentlemen come to the seminary who have seen quite a few summers. They have a hard time fitting into the Long Black Line, and the youngsters often have quite a time at their expense. A few years ago a fellow of about fifty came to the Seminary. He was immediately tagged with the nick name "Pop." Pop was a rather talkative fellow, and his favorite topic of conversation was "Pop." For years he had held some sort of laboring job in Hollywood. He knew all the stars personally, and had a story to tell about each and every one. His favorite was about Lon Chaney. It seems that Lon's nerves were somewhat shattered because of the incessant strain in making the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The heroine of Pop's exciting tale was a young newcomer to the screen who was having a very bad case of the "jitters." Because of her all around ability at fumbling, a scene had to be repeated several times. At last the exasperated Mr. Chaney forgot he was a gentleman, and decided to play the hunchback in real life. In the language of an angry horse trader he told the young hopeful that she was a young so—and—so of a dumbell. Up steps Pop, a chivalrous lad he must have been in his hey-day, and pokes Lon, hunchback and all, right on the nose. You learned right away not to question Pop's stories. It was easier to act like you believed them. I don't know where Pop is now—back in Hollywood perhaps. He didn't become a priest.

Young men of the world often sympathize with Seminaricians on the dull life they have to lead. Little do they realize how wrong they are. It's true we're up at 5:10, and generally in bed by 9:30. We have no dates, no dances, no leave to go outside the Seminary wherever, or whenever we please. Yet, we miss those things very little, because there are so many other things to do. Seminaricians are as alive a group as you'll find anywhere. Between their academic studies, extra-curricular work, and free time recreation they really can't find time to worry about what other people think they are missing in life. Sports play a predominant part in the Seminarician's free time relaxation. The average

Seminarician is a very good athlete. He swims well, plays a neat game of tennis, and is well versed in the use of a baseball, football, and basketball. Anyone who thinks a Seminary houses a group of sissies has either been fooled, or is trying to fool someone else.

There's nothing a Seminarician appreciates more than a good joke; he loves to dish out the raspberries. One of the first lessons he learns upon entering the Seminary is that he might as well make up his mind to learn to laugh with others, and to join his fellows in laughing at himself.

Yes, the Seminarician has a carefree, and very human side to his life and character. Viewed from this angle he looks a lot like almost any other healthy, vigorous, young American. Yet, in the final checkup we must admit that there is a vast difference between him and his brothers in the world. He is religiously interested in acquiring two things: knowledge and piety. Every Seminarician knows that these two must be nourished and cultivated until they become strong, and vigorous, and capable of withstanding all the storms and destructive elements that will be hurled against him when the Seminarician leaves the Long Black Line, and takes up his duties as a pastor of souls. The piety that a Seminarician strives for is not a sugar coated, veneered sort of thing that consists in beautifully folded hands, and an angelic countenance. It is strong, and virile, and deep within the inner man. It consists in so fortifying the inner man that he will not falter when the world, the flesh, and the devil launch their blitzkrieg.

Unlike young men in other institutions of learning, the Seminarician doesn't study to get a "Sheepskin" or a high sounding title. He studies because he is convinced that the matter presented in class, and the matter found in his text books is absolutely necessary if he is to be successful in the all important task of saving souls. He doesn't realize it at all times, but he grows to love his studies. Why shouldn't he? Most of them are purely and simply the study of God, and His relation to the crowning achievement of His creation—man. Then, too, ever in his thoughts is his almost unearthly ambition—his future life that is denied even to the angels—that of doubling for Christ.

The Seminarician knows how to laugh, knows how to play; he knows how to cry, and he knows how to pray. He isn't a queer human being hiding behind a black costume, but he's definitely a man—taken from among men—always looking into the future with joy and fear, and hope and anticipation to the day when he will be ordained to stand as a mediator between men and their God.

The Work of Many Hands

John Holloran

SISTER Mary Laurentine had finished correcting and grading the papers which her pupils had handed in that day. There was the usual satisfaction with a number of assignments that had been well done and the customary regret that some of the papers showed little or no improvement. As the bell rang to indicate the hour for evening recreation she started for the Community Room but turned aside as Sister Mary Gregoria beckoned her to the office.

"You wanted to speak to me about one of your boys, Sister, Tom Crane, I believe," said the Superior.

"Yes, Sister. I wanted to tell you that I think he shows very definite signs of a Priestly Vocation," replied the teacher.

"I notice that he is very regular about Mass and Communion, and Sister Francis Patrice has repeatedly remarked his willingness to serve the early Mass for Father Duffey when the appointed server could not, or would not come."

"He has better than average talent in class. He is not always in the upper ten ratings but he is alert and intelligent. Then too, his paper route, basketball and other activities get some of his time and attention. If he were interested only in books, I'm sure his marks would be higher."

"Yes, but he would be missing a lot of things that are not to be learned in books," observed Sister Mary Gregoria. "I especially wanted to ask you about his conduct."



"Oh, he gets into a fair share of the mischief of the class but I have never had occasion to send him to your office. He is impulsive but never stubborn and when punished, he takes it as a fair price to be paid for the fun he had not earned."

"Father Duffey will be in tomorrow to distribute the reports and I think I will use the occasion to mention Tom to him," decided Sister Superior, rising to indicate that they should join the others at recreation.

II

Father Duffey had finished the rounds of the class rooms. The reports had been distributed and with them a word of praise or of complaint for most of the pupils. In either case the word was merited for a list of names, with cryptic signs, was on the teacher's desk beside the neat stack of report cards. The Sisters used his visits to advantage, to impress their oft repeated counsels on the sluggards and the stars.

As he passed the Principal's office she was waiting with a, "Pardon, Father, but if you have a minute to spare."

"Of course, Sister. Have some of the boys been on a rampage?"

"Oh, no, Father. I think that last conference you had with them will hold them till the end of the term. This time it is the other side of the picture," smiled the kindly Superior. "I promised Sister Mary Laurentine that I would speak to you about Tom Crane. She thinks he shows signs of a Priest-

ly Vocation and is eager to have you interested in him."

"Yes, the year is passing quickly and it is high time we begin thinking of our prospects for the Seminary. God has blessed this parish with several fine Priests and we have three candidates at the Seminary now. I think I know Tom's record and his habits well. You may assure Sister we will not forget him. By the way, has she spoken to the boy about it?" inquired the Priest.

"Yes, several times in the past year but only in the most delicate manner. She always says that it takes the work of many hands to cultivate a vocation and her part in it is always unobtrusive. That is why she is anxious for your help in Tom's case."

III

Supper was finished and the two Priests were seated in the study awaiting the evening's routine of meetings and instructions.

"Here's good news," said Father Byrne tendering a letter to Father Duffey. "The Rector of the Seminary assures me that our Deacon will be home for Holy Week. We can have solemn services without asking for help outside our own family circle. There's nothing like having your own to minister at the Altar. It seems no time since Henry Dowd entered the Seminary and now it is only a matter of weeks till his ordination. The years pass quickly and we pass with them, but it is a comfort to know that there will be others to carry on when we are gone and that we had a hand in the making of them."

As Father Duffey returned the letter he remarked, "I was speaking with Sister Superior today about Tom Crane. The nuns are thinking that he should be encouraged to study for the Priesthood and as you have often told me, 'Our Sisters have done a wonderful job of spotting Vocations in the parish school.'"

"Tom Crane," mused the pastor, "a likely lad and he comes of a good home. His father is a steady, dependable, hard-working man and his mother is one of Nature's gentlewomen, perfected by the Grace of God. They are good stock and from all I've seen and heard, their son Tom is worthy of them. He is a bit shy with me, as are most of the boys, so I'll turn him over to you. If your report is favorable, I'll speak to his parents."

Father Byrne made a note of the matter on his desk pad as the door bell rang. On his way to answer it, Father Duffey was thinking, "It takes the work of many hands to cultivate a Priestly Vocation."

IV

Saturday morning found Father Duffey, accompanied by Tom, driving to St. Ann's Church, a few miles out of town. They spoke of this and that, with Tom doing most of the talking, as they threaded their way thru the city's Saturday morning traffic. Clearing the city limits, the Priest took matters into his own hands as the car rolled along the smooth, straight concrete of U. S. 50.

"Well, Tom, you will soon be graduating from Saint Anthony's and I am wondering what you are going to do with yourself. One of the Brothers at Central Catholic High has his eye on you. He liked your spirit and performance during the Grade School Basketball Tourney at Central gym. I guess you are like most of our boys, anxious to get out of St. Anthony's and into the big time at Central."

There was a momentary delay as Tom screwed up his courage and then a short, soft, "No, Father," as the boy's eyes dropped to rest on the St. Christopher plaque on the dashboard.

"Now don't tell me that you are going to Morton High, when we have a school of our own," urged the Priest, giving the lad time to frame his reply.

"No, Father. It isn't that. I am going to Central Catholic but I am not so anxious about it. What I would really like to do is to go to St. Meinrad's," came the timid, soft spoken confession.

"You would like to study for the Priesthood, Tom?" queried Father, his own voice softened, for he knew that this was a time and a place wherein an angel should tread with reverence.

"That is what I have been thinking, Father, but I guess it's no use. I'm too dumb and it takes so many years and dad could not afford it. But I sure wish I could go—that is, if I knew I had a vocation," came the dejected response.

"I'm afraid you haven't, Tom," said Father Duffey and as the boy's head snapped up in hurt surprise, he continued, "that is, if you are going to give up before you start. It takes courage, son. You know something of the difficulties, the work and the delays that lie between you and the Altar. You have been thinking of them and perhaps you are letting them discourage you. Is that it?"

The lips which had drooped a moment before, spoke with determination. "I, no, Father. I would go thru anything to get to be a Priest. I'm not afraid but I am all mixed up. I don't know if I have a vocation and I don't know what to do about it. Maybe you would help me, Father?"

"Of course I will, son, and gladly. Tell me . . . how long have you been thinking of all this?"

"Ever since I served Father Betz's First Mass.

That was two years ago. Since then I have wanted and prayed to be a Priest, but I never told anyone. I did not have a practice altar at home as some boys do, who are thinking about studying. I used the parish altar, for when I serve Mass, I always keep thinking, 'Someday I will be saying Mass as Father is doing today and some boy will be serving me as I am doing now.' That is why I try to get to serve often. Maybe a boy should not be thinking all those things during Mass, but I like to and it seems to help me," said the lad, a bit apologetically.

"I am sure such thoughts do not displease our Lord, son. He has need of thousands of first class American boys like you and He draws them to the Altar by giving them a love for the Altar. A desire, or rather a determination to be a Priest is the first sign of a vocation. But it must be a firm determination, Tom. If a boy gives up hoping and praying and trying simply because the road is long and steep, it is a sure thing he has no true call. Christ cannot use a boy who is yellow, a quitter, and I know you are not that kind."

"Gee, I hope not," quickly interposed the boy. "But just wanting to be a Priest is not being one. I wonder if I could learn all the things a Priest has to know and do."

"That is the second sign of a vocation, Tom. When our Lord wants someone to work for him, He gives him the tools to work with. For the Priesthood, that means a good body, a good mind and a good heart. That does not mean that you have to be a genius or a giant, but a boy who has no talent for study and no health for work can hardly hope to be a Priest."

"Oh, I'm healthy enough, Father. Sister says I am too lively and like to play too much. Of course I would drop all that and settle down to my books if I got to go to the Seminary," pledged the boy.

"I doubt that, for when you see other Seminarians playing baseball and basketball and tennis, you will be itching to get into the games. Sports will help you in many ways and the Faculty will see to it that they do not take up too much of your time and energy. For twelve years study is the main work of the seminarian and he needs recreation to be a healthy student... I have been looking over your school record and I am sure you can make the grade with your studies if you get a chance to go. That is the third, the big test of a vocation—a chance, an opportunity to become a Priest," concluded Father Duffey, as he turned the car into the driveway of St. Ann's rectory.

V

"Come in, Mr. Crane. Good afternoon, Mrs. Crane," said Father Byrne as he ushered the couple

into the reception room of the rectory. "I did not want to be taking up your Sunday afternoon, but, seeing you at Benediction, I thought I'd send for you and save you an extra trip... I want to speak to you about Tom."

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Father," hastily interposed Mrs. Crane.

"Now be at ease, Mam," smiled the Pastor, "there is nothing wrong. Father Duffey and I have been speaking about the boy and I thought it would be well to mention the matter to you. Have you ever thought that perhaps God gave this boy to you, that you might give him back to God—a Priest?"

A silence that was sacred fell on the three and then, little by little, they began a discussion of their dreams and hopes and fears. The pastor and parents exchanged views, opinions and experiences bearing on the subject of Priestly Vocation. A point on which they touched several times was the difficulty of meeting the expense of the long course at the Seminary. Mr. Crane's job with the *Courier Press* enabled him to keep his family in modest comfort. It would take a few more years to complete payments on their home and there were four other children whose needs had to be considered.

"There are few of us," said Father Byrne, "who can make long range plans for the future, with any certainty. Look at the matter this way: God is not asking us to provide for the future, but for the present. He gives us time, a day at a time. With His help, let us work to provide for each day as He sends it. He gives us 'this day': the future He keeps in His own good Hands. It is His Work we are trying to carry on. If our poor efforts are agreeable to His Will, we will not labor in vain."

"As I told you, Father, I would do all that I can," replied Mr. Crane, "but that is not enough to enable the boy to start this year. Perhaps we should content ourselves with sending him to Catholic High. By the end of four years Mary will be finished with school and Jim will be working. With their help, we can do many things which we cannot do just now."

"There is another consideration," urged Father Byrne. "I have at my disposal some funds given me regularly by a few good people of the parish. For years, I have used them for our seminarians. This, of course, is a confidence. Henry Dowd's ordination, this Spring, will enable me to use a part of these funds to help your Tom. Between us, perhaps, we can make it possible for him to start." Lifting his hand gently, as Mrs. Crane prepared to voice another difficulty, he concluded, "I do not mean that we should settle the matter today. I only wanted to start you thinking about it. We will

have to talk it over many times before we decide. Let this suffice today for I do not want to keep you cooped in the rectory longer on this beautiful afternoon."

Leaving the parish house, the couple instinctively turned to the parish church. Since the day of their marriage they had made it a practice to study their family problems in the light of the Sanctuary Lamp, in the company of the Holy Family. During this visit Mrs. Crane's eyes moved from the Tabernacle to rest upon our Lady's gracious countenance. It was with a sense of a new relationship that she looked on the Mother of the Great High Priest while she prayed to be made worthy to become the mother of a Priest. At her side knelt Mr. Crane, his eyes fixed on the patient, kindly face of good Saint Joseph, the workman whose labor provided for the needs of that Boy Who is the Priest Eternal.

VI

The sound of the last petition in the Litany of the Saints had ceased to echo in the arches of the

Abbey Church. Standing in solemn silence before its High Altar, the Bishop imposed his hands on the head of each of the Ordinands before him. Then the clergy, present for the Ordination, filed into the Sanctuary, silently laying their consecrated hands on the new Levites. The seemingly endless procession of the Priests was over and they stood row on row, filling the Sanctuary and the Chancel. Each held his right hand extended at arm's length, palm down, continuing the rite of Imposition of Hands. Among them stood Father Duffey. He lifted his eyes to look upon the Bishop and the host of Priests, each standing with his hand extended and upraised. Before he lowered them, he fixed them for a long moment on the vested form of Reverend Thomas Crane, kneeling, amid this maze of hands, in the ranks of the newly ordained Priests.

"The work of many hands," he thought, as he bowed his head in prayer.



Father "Jim" McMahon

what he should be like.

Realizing my own shortcomings and handicaps I am venturing this outline.

A chaplain is a clergyman who performs service in

The Qualifications of An Army Chaplain

Raymond Rien, O.S.B.

MANY times I am being asked: "Father, what are the qualifications of a chaplain in the Army?" A veteran of two wars I am supposed to have some inkling of

the Army. To obtain this position he must not be over thirty-five years of age and must be physically fit. He volunteers to his bishop for appointment. If the bishop thinks favorably of him, he is then referred to Bishop O'Hara, C.S.C., and is notified by him to report to the Army for examination. If he is accepted he is assigned to a post. His principal duty is to take care of the spiritual welfare of Catholic soldiers.

As for himself a nice personality, not necessarily handsome, although good looks, neat clothes a fine bearing and carriage are assets which even boys admire.

The chaplain must be a man of sterling character, one who is not moody, who can forget himself. He must be ready to suffer, if need be, with his men. He should be well educated with a broad and thorough training and his interests must cover many fields.

The chaplain must be a man of prayer, patient, courteous, have a keen sense of humor and sportsmanship. Under fire he must be cool. As an officer he must be optimistic, sympathetic never sarcastic. Sometimes it may seem that sarcasm is the only weapon that will pierce a thick skull, but it is always bitter and cutting and the scar is lasting. It never should be used by God's anointed, especially in or near the field of battle. Rather he must be spiritual, approachable, fatherly, friendly but dignified. He must demand his rights and be willing to fight for them if necessary. And above all he must champion the cause and rights of his men. There is no place in the ranks of our chaplains for a "weak sister." He must say no, graciously but firmly, so that the men will trust him. Men will sense his sincerity of purpose. This will attract them to him. They will know him as "a padre the dough-boy can trust and swear by."

This priest must be quick to see his opportunity for leadership in both spiritual and recreational exercises. He must be alive to every situation, for many temptations will surround him and his men. He must be alert to any attraction which will lead them away from Holy Mass, confession and the reception of the Sacraments. The chaplain must be able to size up every danger to their souls. If God grants them victory, as a true shepherd he wants them returned safe and unsullied to their families. He must walk with God.

Sad moments will come when men will be unable to communicate with their loved one and the chaplain must then substitute for them. He must write letters and be as gracious as possible. He must remember that every boy's mother and father are as precious as his own. Death may set his seal forever upon some fair flower of the family and he may be the only one to let fall, as softly as possible, the mantle of sorrow upon the family. What joy there will be in his priestly heart if he is able to write that he closed the eyes of the loved one with God's Holy Sacraments.

In times of court-martial he must do his duty and be firm, but plead for mercy. By absence husbands and wives become estranged; he must use his influence to breach the gulf.

He should be zealous for souls and encourage and instruct converts in the Faith. He must remember first of all that he is a priest of the Most High God and that God loves everyone of his children. Hence he must administer to the wounded of the enemy and to the prisoners of war as well as to his own men. He must teach his men to hate the wrong but not the wrong doer. He must tell men stained with blood that they must carry out their actions as duty without blood-lust. These problems cause much thought and meditation.

There have been many great chaplains. Father Duffy of the 149th of New York was greatly beloved by his men. After his death he was honored by having his statue placed in Times Square where everyone who passes over the Great White Way salutes or says a prayer for his great soul.

De Bello

They tell us that it's duty
And remind us of the beauty
Of a soldier in his own life-blood stained red;
But I fail to see the glory
Of a sight so ghastly, gory
As a battlefield when human souls have sped.

Our fathers heard of duty
And, oh, irony! of beauty
When they murdered men—"Democracy to save!"
Once they, too, thought war was glory;
Now they tell another story,
For in nightmares they meet comrades from the grave.

Satan feasted at Soissons;
Hell was gluttoned at Argonne.
Mid the carnage of the old Thierry-Chateau
They can hear that shrieking yet
Where they used the bayonet
As they sent the foe to Stygian depths below.

May we never fight again
When dictators grow insane,
Never more our land's best blood may we have shed.
For we fail to see the glory
Of a sight so ghastly, gory
As a corpse-strawn field whence human lives have fled.

Louis E. Schumacher

Another great and beloved Chaplain was the Reverend Abram Ryan of the Confederate Army of the South. He, too, looked after the souls of his men under most trying conditions. He was a poet of keen beauty. Among his poems are "The Southern Cross," "The Conquered Banner," and "Their Story Runneth Thus."

In the present war an English prisoner in Bavaria who is an English Army Chaplain writes home to London telling how he passes his time. He is the Reverend Kenneth Grant. Fifty British officers are his fellow prisoners. Father Grant is teaching them the Gaelic language. He taught Gaelic at home in Scotland before the war. He is permitted to say Holy Mass daily.

Lieutenant Michael F. Duggan, the Catholic Chap-

One day after battle he was administering to the wounded and dying in the field. One dear boy, a non-Catholic said to him: "Father, I am dying, please stay with me and help me, your Catholic boys know how to die; I do not." What a tribute to a chaplain!

Another Catholic Chaplain had so many to help that a Jewish Chaplain standing near said, "Father I have no one who needs me, let me help you. Please tell me what to do and I shall gladly do." The priest said: "Hold this crucifix to that dying man's lips so that he may kiss it." The Jewish Chaplain did as requested. As he held the crucifix a shrapnel burst over them and both souls winged their flight to heaven.

Another great and be-

lain of the 147th at Fort Dix in New Jersey is very much alive to his duties. He is one of eight Chaplains stationed there and has charge of 1800 young men. There are approximately 10,000 Catholics at the Post.

In the March number of the "Victorian" Father Duggan writes to the Catholic parents who are worrying about what will happen to their sons, who are old enough to come under the Selective Service Act. He writes:

"Your son's life won't be easy in the Army. The army has no time for a lazy fellow. Your lad will be up before the crack of dawn. He will be aroused at 5:45 and will be standing in formation at 6. His breakfast will begin at 6:15.

"You, mother, won't be here to make his bed and pick up his clothes and clean up after him. After breakfast he'll make his bed and tidy up his room and clean up himself. If he isn't clean he won't pass inspection. If his quarters are not clean they won't pass inspection. When things don't pass inspection in the Army, then officials see that they do. Your boy has become self-reliant before 7 in the morning. At 7:15 he is on his way to a hard day's work. He reaches drill at 7:30 and drills intensively. The shoulders that were stooped at home are thrown back and carried the way God intended they should be carried. The muscles that were loose and flabby become firm and agile. Calisthenics, as soon as the field is reached, is an essential part of army training. A strong body is an absolute necessity for a good soldier. His training is taking him away from the night clubs and dance halls. It is keeping his mind busy, so there is no time for thoughts of dissipation.

"Yes, but what about his spiritual life? The Army wants your boy to be in Church on Sunday. She provides the Chaplain everything that he asks. She lends him every encouragement in his work. Her discipline is even used to make your son spiritual. Your son will be on time for Mass in the Army, where he might walk in at the Gospel were he home. An organ and an organist are provided so that he can again become child-like in the singing of hymns.

"If a boy has faith when he enters the Army, there

is little possibility that he will lose it in the service of his country. My experience has been quite the contrary. Numberless lads have come to me in the past three months who have been away from their Church and their God for years. They have begged of me to make them right with their God.

"Now you ask me what about their health? There are twenty thousand of us here. We have been here three months. Think of those figures, 20,000—3 months. In these three months not one of these twenty thousand has died a natural death. Can you think of a city of twenty thousand that has not had a death from natural causes in three months? Yes the Army is extremely zealous of the health of its personnel. I am with a regiment whose strength is 1800. In it there are five medical doctors and one dentist. Can you think of a community of that size so well manned in these professions? No, Mothers and Fathers, the Army is not trying to ruin your boys. On the contrary it is trying to make them better men and better citizens. Your nation hopes that your boys will never have to use the rifles that they carry on their shoulders. If ever they do have to use them, it will be to preserve the sanctity of the home that is so dear to you and to your boys.

"America is a grand and glorious nation and if her youth keep her ideals and principles that were won at the price of blood, rest assured they will be preserved. Be thankful to the Giver of all gifts that in preparing to protect those principles, America is bringing back to life a youth that was falling into decay."

The second question seminarians and young priests ask: Shall I make a chaplaincy my vocation? Your bishop must answer this question. May you do so? If he permits you to do so, here are some of the advantages you will enjoy. A real heavy cross which will be the means if borne patiently of an everlasting reward. There are 1500 Chaplains in the United States Army. They need priests to administer to Catholic soldiers. The salaries are good. There is very good chance of promotion and after retirement a pension. You can do apostolic work. But before volunteering pray well over the matter. It is a life full of temptations. It is a life of sorrows. It is a life of joys.



Private Francis X Writes a Letter

Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B.

Battery "A", 3rd Coast Artillery
Fort Mac Arthur
San Pedro, California

Dear Cousin:

Well, here I am in sunny California, the one place I have always wanted to see, but I certainly never expected to see it under these circumstances. It is all I pictured it to be, and more. Beautiful flowers seem to bloom perpetually under the rays of a beneficent sun. Because visibility is so good, the snow-capped mountains, nearly a hundred miles away, majestically raise their heads on high, much to the delight of the naked eye.

Our Post is situated on the Pacific coast line where all the giant defense guns are located. There are disappearing guns and trench guns of every caliber, from the French 155 to the 14 inch railroad guns. Our Battery is assigned to the last mentioned type. Being an observer, my work centers around the Battery observation station which is well concealed and protected by the hilly coast line. It is my duty to spot the ships at sea and report the range which is, in turn, recorded in the plotting room. When the weather admits of it, we are able to sight and shoot with deadly accuracy a distance of approximately 30 miles.

For routine military drill, we use a 30-30 rifle manufactured in 1903, long before any of us in training were born. After having been packed in oil for 27 years, such a gun presents a real problem, when one endeavors to remove the coating of oil. Inspections are rigid in the Army, more especially the inspection of rifles. However, once the weekly inspection is passed, it means no restrictions for the week-end. On Sundays I attend Holy Mass at St. Mary's, Star of the Sea. We are very fortunate in having a church in the vicinity.

Our barracks are rather comfortable, being constructed of cement. Each one contains about 130 cots above, and showers, mess halls, barber shops, etc., below. In the so-called day room we have ample facilities for letter writing and recreation. Our group is a rather motley one, containing but 30 regulars; the rest were, like myself, inducted as selectees. There is one nice thing about life here. Everyone is very friendly. That sort of atmosphere has a tremendous bearing on the attitude of the selectees, psychologically speaking. Last, but not least, the meals are excellent. That means a lot in any man's language.

Well, it is nearly time for "taps." Before turning in, permit me to ask a remembrance in your prayers—the future doesn't seem to be dark, just uncertain.

Your devoted cousin,
Francis X.

IT IS OF interest to note that James Stewart, who was voted the best motion picture actor of 1940 and commanding a salary of \$1,500 a week, having been inducted as a selectee, has donned the uniform at this same Fort Mac Arthur and is now earning the identical salary that Francis X is, namely, \$21.00 a month. Nor is this a particularly isolated case. The defense program is bringing together men of all walks of life, just like these two. If you were to search the whole country over, you wouldn't be able to find a better example of typical American youth than that exemplified by the person of Francis X.

They style the spot where Francis now abides a "Post." In reality, it is a sort of sprawling village with cement houses, quasi-boulevards, shops, recreation halls and buildings designed for educational work. There is a great open space which might be called the village green, but Francis has long since learned to evaluate it for what it is—namely, the parade ground. The center of this thriving community could possibly be looked upon as the town hall, but the new soldier's tongue is quick to form the words, "general headquarters," when referring to it.

His day starts, like yours and mine, by being awakened in some way or another. In this instance the alarm clock happens to be the bugle. If the musical note is ineffective, the platoon sergeant certainly will not be. When at 6:30 the bugler blows "assembly," there comes the cry, "Fall in," and Francis is found in his position with his company, now formed in triple ranks. Assembly is ever brief, and the men are soon back in the squad rooms, making up their cots. Each one endeavors to be as meticulous as possible in this matter so that the corporal on duty can find no flaw. There must be perfect order in military life; otherwise the military machine would not function perfectly in an emergency. Where there is discipline, there is striking power. "Really," Francis whispers to the one next to him, "I am going to make the lucky girl an ideal husband some day, after all of this."

The bugle has a more welcome sound at seven o'clock, this time rendering a snappy note that blares out—"come and get it"—mess call. No one is tardy in answering this summons. Once a hearty breakfast has been downed, Francis is soon found

back in the barracks. His uniform for the day must be made into the very perfection of neatness; his rifle must needs be fairly immaculate. With the "first call" on the air once more, he dons his cartridge belt, shoulders his rifle, and joins the group. The bugler sounds the assembly call at eight o'clock and Francis faces his soldier's day. The sergeant's voice rings out on the clear morning air, "Right face, forward march!" and the column is soon briskly stepping along the line of march, rifles shining in the brilliant California sunshine, all in all, a perfect picture of grace and precision. Once arrived at the parade grounds, each company takes up its proper position. In typical Gene Tunney fashion, the drill is inaugurated with some 30 minutes of famous and practical "setting up" exercises, the very cream of physical training. Hard on this there follows an order of close order drill so necessary for the basic military and disciplinary training of the future warrior. Commands now ring out in rapid succession. "Attention. Present arms. Order arms. Right face. About face. Left face. Forward march. To the rear march. Platoon halt. About face." Next comes rifle marksmanship drill under the tutelage of experts. This does not necessarily entail actual firing, but may consist only in practice in handling a rifle. Practice makes perfect, and the Army follows out this dictum "*usque ad nauseam*." The remainder of the drill period may well resemble an outdoor school session. Officers are often wont to address the men on military courtesy or some other timely subject. With the mess call sounding at noon, it isn't hard to conjure up what healthy appetites, whetted by the morning's exercise, can do to a big, tasty, well-balanced meal. The conversation at table naturally centers around the coming fatigue details of the afternoon. "Fatigue" is but a military term meaning the work assignments necessary to keep the Fort in perfect condition.

Francis is given a wonderful chance to specialize during fatigue duty. However, his schooling is by no means easy. As a tutor, he has a technical sergeant with many years experience, and a man who is thoroughly conversant with his line of work. "The sarge is a slave driver." This thought naturally flits through the would-be specialist's mind once back in the squad room, but, all in all, Francis appreciates the rare opportunity of studying under such an expert. It means he can step into a definite avocation when he returns to civilian life. He begins to realize that he is being trained in the world's best technical school. For it must be admitted that the most rapidly expanding occupational field in the country today is found in military service. As al-

ways, the Army must continue to play the role of a public servant. In order to stress the idea of civilian control, the Army has ever had key projects which are concerned with education rather than war. Witness its engineering personnel. Indeed, it furnished the brain power for the construction of the Panama Canal, one of the greatest projects ever achieved by man in all history. River control in the sunny South and communication control in frigid Alaska, alike, have been entrusted to the army. The great youth movement that is represented by the C.C.C. could scarcely have been accomplished without military aid.

"A whole year out of my life," thought Francis bitterly when the Selective Service Act caught up with him one fateful day in Indianapolis. But it has gradually dawned on him that the year is far from lost, for there is scarcely an important civilian occupation for which some type of military schooling isn't helpful. And this school of the army is unique; it pays its students as it teaches them. Full-time and part-time courses are provided, as well as excellent opportunities for specialized reading. Once the selectee has accustomed himself to neatness, discipline, and courtesy, he is given every opportunity to develop himself by actually living his schooling.

To be sure, the military authorities are attentively scanning the draft for men skilled in no fewer than 265 different occupational specialties. Aviation will, of course, take precedence since it is the most important open field. Indeed, if there be any glamour left in the deadly process of war it is to be found in the thrill of excitement surrounding the frontier that is military aviation. Crisply uniformed bombardiers of giant flying fortresses and pilots of breath-taking, speedy, attack and pursuit ships are the envy of the services. Flying has emerged from its infancy and developed into the most powerful striking arm of the military forces.

According to Science Research Associates, the Army has made an estimate of the specialists it will secure and has made a comparison of this with the number of experts needed. The estimates for some rather important occupations are as follows:

Shortage Expected

Chefs	Meteorologists
Coppersmiths	Radio Operators
Railroad Experts	Pharmacists
Foremen	Photographers
Metal Workers	X-Ray Photographers
Telephone & Telegraph Experts	Radio Station Chiefs
Lithographers	Repairmen (Instrument)
	Stenographers

Technicians (Medical)
Wire Chiefs
Canvas Workers

Enough Men Available

Bakers
Cabinet Makers
Boiler Makers
Drillers
Electricians
Stationary Engineers
Machinists
Pattern Makers
Demolition Men
Foundry Molders
Stone Masons
Millwrights

Cordage Workers
Fabric Workers

Telegraph Operators
Crane Operators
Plumbers
Printers
Quarrymen
Sawyers
Tailors
Toolmakers
Topographers
Wheelwrights
Sheet Metal Workers
Structural Iron Workers

The same Survey ably presents the following list of available occupations to show forth the wide range of educational possibilities opened up by military training:

Accountant
Airplane Mechanic
Airplane Pilot
Auto Mechanic
Barber
Business Executive
Carpenter
Chauffeur
Chemist
Clerical Worker
Dental Technician
Diesel Engineer
Draftsman
Electrical Equipment
Operator
Gasoline Equipment
Operator
Hospital Dietician
Installer (Telephone &
Telegraph)
Instructor in Physical
Education
Instrument Repair Expert
Laboratory Technician
Map Maker
Medical Assistant
Metal Smith
Motion Picture Technician

Motor Transport
Supervisor
Munitions Worker
Musician
Orthopedic Bracemaker
Painter
Parachute Maker
Power Plant Operator
Printer
Purchasing Agent
Radio Electrician
Refrigeration Expert
Restaurant Manager
Road Construction
Expert
Sanitation Expert
Shipping Expert
Steward
Stock Keeper
Surveyor
Telephone Operator
Teletype Operator
Tractor Expert
Traffic Expert
Veterinary Technician
Welder
Woodworker
X-Ray Technician.

The zenith of Army education is, of course, to be reached at the one and only West Point. About 180 positions in the cadet corps of 1,960 men are allotted to deserving young men actually serving in the Army, in order to give them an opportunity to secure commissions. As may well be supposed, the

mental and physical examinations are extremely rigid. The discipline and curriculum are so strict that many cadets are automatically eliminated. The West Point graduate may well be proud of his degree of Bachelor of Science, his new Army Commission and his thorough background in military tactics.

But, let us return to Francis X where we left him in the squad room, shedding his denim working clothes. Every sign of dirt and grease must have disappeared by five o'clock, for he must appear once more in the immaculate uniform of the day. It is at the stroke of five, whilst a cannon booms in the distance, that the bugler sounds "retreat" with all the men standing at attention, and the flag is majestically lowered.

The evening mess over, Francis drifts over to the post theatre operated by army technicians to see a good movie. There follows a lively discussion of a big ball game with Battery B. Two afternoons a week are reserved for healthy recreation at the Fort, and a very keen interest in sports is displayed during these periods. Finally there comes the "Call to quarters" at 10:45. Being on the good conduct list, Francis can remain up after the sounding of "taps" at 11 o'clock. However, after putting the finishing touches on a letter to his widowed mother, Francis X says his night prayers and, long before midnight, he is sound asleep dreaming of the future possibilities now open to him by reason of his military career. The future doesn't seem quite so uncertain, and, anyway, he placed it in Almighty God's hands when he prayed.

Francis X and his companions slumbering in the dormitory are the victims, as it were, of our own strange age. When the historians of the future treat of our times, they will unhesitatingly style this the age of material progress. Any decade in it will equal any five centuries of the past, from the standpoint of mechanical advance. Electricity cannot even be defined, yet look at the uses to which it has been put. Scientists have made the very air they breathe a slave to carry them on wings of steel at tremendous speeds. The miracle that is radio has long since become a commonplace in this age of modernity. Verily, the men of the 20th century are veritable giants when it comes to the control of the forces of nature. But, alas, they are as tiny pygmies when it comes to the control of themselves in their relations to their fellow men. That is why the world is in a chaotic condition which has brought us to the very brink of war. That is why our one great prayer must be that God will protect Francis X and the million other youths in training; they are the very cream of our land.

So You Are Engaged

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

PERHAPS you can imagine nothing more funny than an article on Courtship by a monk unless it would be a treatise on THE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES OF A TIBETAN LAMA by Joe Louis, heavy-weight champion of the world; for without a doubt my actual experiences in courtin' are almost as limited as Joe Louis's mystic life in a lamasery of Tibet. However, unless Joe has been boning up on his lamas I think I know more about courtship than the champ knows about Lamaism.

My answer to those who object to a monk's advice on courtship is the old one about the priest who countered the objection to his giving bridal instructions by saying that he could always tell the difference between a good and a bad omelet, although by no natural efforts could he lay an egg.

Even though my vocation has led me aside from the bridal path, I can as a priest and monk, be stirred with love and concern for youth and their urgent problems, and I can, in a spirit of charity, offer a few thoughts for meditation on romantic love. So, here you are, boys and girls!

COURTSHIP—AN OLD AND MUSTY WORD?

I am not concerned here so much with the casual date, though what is said here, may apply to dates in general between boys and girls. When, by a process of elimination, as mysterious as love itself, the boy has discovered the one and only girl, and the girl has found the one and only boy, true love begins its uncertain course towards the goal of a life together. The young lovers are now launched on the way towards marriage. Let us call the way courtship.

It is an old and stately word, more reminiscent of clavichords, minuets, and knee breeches than a modern swing orchestra, a rhumba, and the click

of tap shoes. The word courtship does tricks to one's memory, and back come those old characters of a colonial classic, the roguish Priscilla Dean, the rheumatic veteran, Miles Standish, and the lovesick John Alden.

Yet, old and musty, as the word sounds, it still conveys something of settled plan, and made up mind; it partakes, rugged old word that it is, of the permanence and lastingness that invest matrimony itself. There is something a little more final in this word than in the modern expression "engaged" which may be equally well employed in refer-

ence to a saddle horse for the afternoon, a room at the hotel, or a box at the theatre. I like the courtliness of the word; it may be sedate, but it is substantial.

WHAT IS THIS THING—COURTSHIP?

If I may dare to make up a definition of courtship I would say that it is that relatively short but important period of time when a boy and girl have finally limited the long procession of "heart-beats" to one definite person of the opposite sex.

Up to this point boy and girl have had dates rather accidentally, perhaps, the boy choosing a partner from the ever widening circle of attractive girls, and the girl selecting a friend from the lengthening procession of handsome boys. Now they have reached the end of their search, for every date, however accidental or casual, is, supposing both partners are more than adolescent children, an unadmitted search for a future mate, and an informal appraisal of one's companion of the evening as a possible wife or husband.

SHARING THE DATE WITH OTHERS

Now that courtship has begun in earnest, there is no reason on earth why the two lovers should



drop out of circulation among their friends and be seen no more except in one another's company. There is no reason for them to stop having fun with the old gang just because they are engaged to each other. The engaged couple should have more fun now than ever before, because their date has about it the security of the novitiate; the heat of the chase for a future mate is over . . . and each has found *the one*. From now on their dates are rather definite preparation for the most beautiful and lasting date between a man and woman—Holy Marriage.

There is always the safeguarding of chastity in the foursome or sixsome date. Going together as a jolly crowd not only lessens temptation by self-chaperoning, but saves money for everybody. Some one, when asked what was the perfect number for a date, replied that *eight persons make the perfect date*. The questioner was aghast. Visions of moonlight and roses in the park lost its romance in the noisy presence of eight persons, for, if three persons are a crowd, eight must be a mob. Yet, eight persons are present on every ideal date: there are, for instance, the boy and the girl, the boy's guardian angel, and the girl's guardian angel: that makes four. Then God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost dwell in every youthful soul in the state of sanctifying grace. And the Blessed Mother Mary is always present, at least in spirit. If you must go off together, keep the number at eight persons always.

LENGTH OF THE ENGAGEMENT

Several years ago I was thunderstruck at meeting a couple who had been keeping company for twenty-five years. That year they celebrated their silver jubilee of courtship. I have met couples who have been courting for seven and ten years. These sad couples are like persons, who on their way to visit a friend in a nearby city, spend all of their life on the train, or like a couple who buy tickets to a moving picture, and spend the evening in the lobby.

Courtship should not be too long. It should be long enough for both partners to know each other well under a variety of circumstances, domestic as well as romantic. It should be long enough to test the quality of the attraction for one another. An engagement that is too long drawn out is unfair to the girl, because it removes her from circulation for the several years when she is most attractive and fresh. When a long engagement breaks up, the girl is returned to circulation as an eligible wife for some man, but now she looks a little shopworn, like an article on the store counter that has been picked over so often that it has lost its sheen and newness.

If the boy and girl are only eighteen years old, or younger, and unable to consider marriage for two or three years they should not make the mistake of becoming engaged until nearer their goal. An

engagement removes both boy and girl from the wholesome comradeship of the gang, isolates them before they are bound to each other by marriage, and exposes them to temptations which could be avoided if they mixed more with the crowd, and shared their evenings with other young couples.

ARE YOU PLANNING A FUTURE BUDGET?

Heroically speaking, true love can survive the hardest poverty, but we are not expecting the heroic of every couple who is planning a budget for marriage. Broadly speaking, the income sufficient for a happy marriage today is about four times the cost of the monthly rent. If she wants him to pay 25 dollars a month rent, he should be making one hundred dollars a month. When the boy asks the girl how much rent, or downpayment she expects them to pay each month, the boy has a rough idea how much he has to make if he wants to marry her. If the girl comes too high, perhaps he may find it easier to get a less expensive wife than a higher-bracket job.

THE PRIVILEGES OF ENGAGED COUPLES

First of all, there are no privileges allowed to engaged couples except the high privilege of safeguarding the true love and reverence for one another so that lust does not wither the freshness of marriage, or remove forever the lovely wonder for one another's personality. No marital privileges are given with the engagement ring. The sweetest privilege of the engaged couple is to associate sinlessly with one another until the Great Sacrament of Matrimony makes them one, and blesses the intimacies of husband and wife.

WHAT ABOUT KISSING AND PETTING?

In itself, a kiss is something neutral, neither moral, nor immoral, but whoever saw a kiss in itself, apart from some person? A kiss is a symbol between a man and woman . . . a symbol of love; now love is not something to be given away with the abandon of Barnum and Bailey lemonade after an afternoon performance; love is not for every one, but for *one special one*. A girl cannot spread her favors out thin ever twenty boys, and have much left for a husband in marriage.

To kiss or be kissed, is, in itself, not sinful; no one can say when it becomes sinful except the person who is having the experience; but whenever kissing or embracing takes place between boys and girls, and it becomes passionate, it is the immediate occasion of mortal sins of impurity, and becomes material for confession.

Perhaps, a little intelligence in planning an evening full of things to do together will eliminate that long dangerous period towards the end of a date when things grow a little dull, and there seems to be nothing else to do but——. A date well planned is a safer date than the one that is left to

accident. Let the couple put their heads together, and plan things to do not on the borderline of passionate love-making, but more on the borderline of adventure into the world of sports, hobbies, business, movies, art, yes, . . . and religion, for what is more fun than to share your friend with Christ at Holy Mass or in an evening visit to the Supreme Lover in the Tabernacle.

GOING THE LIMIT

This is an ugly expression often used by youth to measure the sinfulness of improper liberties. Going the limit on a date is no more a measure of what is sinful against the sixth commandment than shooting in cold blood is a measure of what is sinful against the fifth commandment. Long before a man pulls the trigger in an act of murder, he has sinned mortally in his soul by hatred and passion; and long before the intimacies of a couple have reached the physical climax, called so crudely, going the limit, both boy and girl have desecrated their souls with mortal sin of impurity. A man cannot drive a car ninety miles an hour up to a red-light, and stop on a dime, and morally, the same man cannot drive his passions up to the edge of mortal sin, and stop. Mortal sin cannot be marked off like a traffic line on the pavement. The safest thing to do in life is the safest thing to do in driving a car; *slow up before you are sorry.*

SANCTIFY THE ENGAGEMENT

A human life is not lived in air-tight compartments, cut off nicely from one another, so that a man can be a Christian while he kneels at the Sorrowful Mother Novena, and a pagan gigolo when he reaches a convenient place on the highway. A man is a Christian not only when at Holy Mass, or singing the *O Salutaris* at Benediction, but also when he

arrives at work in the morning, selects the kind of a show for the evening, or settles down for a quiet drive along the highway with one arm on the wheel and the other around his girl.

A DEDICATION TO A QUEEN

How many Catholic engaged couples ever thought of kneeling before Mary's altar at the beginning of an engagement, and dedicating the courtship to the Mother Most Chaste? There is nothing in this custom either silly or pietistic; there is much in it that is sheerly practical. I cannot think of a more beautiful practice for youngsters about to set out on a date than that of kneeling silently in one's room, and breathing to Mary that prayer of dedication:

My queen, my mother, I give myself entirely to thee, and to show my devotion to thee, I consecrate to thee this night and day my eyes, my lips, my ears, my body, my whole being without reserve. Wherefore, good mother, as I am thine own, keep me, guard me as thy property and possession. Amen.

THE HUMAN SOUL, THE CITADEL OF GOD

If both boy and girl understand that God dwells in the soul of the other in the state of grace, neither will dare think of desecrating such a citadel or dwelling place of God. As soon would either of them smash a chalice filled with the Blessed Eucharist as destroy in the other the Presence of God. Both boy and girl will reverence "the citadel of the other's spiritual life and beauty, and will shield one another from danger. THIS is where charity enters into love, and LOVE BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN WITHOUT CHARITY IS NOT LOVE, BUT LUST, and lust casts a shadow on that exquisite thing we call human love, and destroys the grace of God in the soul of the lover.

There are no dead end jobs but dead end people.

Civil Service as a Career

Warren R. Dacey

HOW WOULD you like to work for the Federal Government? Well, it seems that many of our fellow Americans have answered "Yes" to that question for many are the advantages if one is on the payroll of Uncle Sam.

Unless you are somehow so fortunate as to secure what is termed a "political plum," the way to secure a Federal position is by passing a competitive ex-

amination given by the United States Civil Service Commission, which fills each year thousands of government jobs. Approximately 727,000 positions are thus filled.

But what kind of work does this method of filling positions entail? These examinations are given for all varieties: out of door occupations as well as desk jobs, professional and scientific careers as well

as manual labor. Federal employees are engaged in research projects and in the actual operation of industrial establishments. They make maps, predict weather, treat disease, analyze soil. They chart the depths of the ocean and measure the strength of the winds. They construct roads and buildings. So it can be readily seen that there may be an opportunity for you, no matter what type of work you do. It is for you to investigate.

"What do I do?" you may ask about taking one of these examinations. Well, briefly it is this: From time to time notices of examinations in various subjects are posted on bulletin boards in local post offices. Application blanks are available and must be mailed to the United States Civil Service Commission in Washington, D.C. They must, of course, be accurate in every detail with no falsifications of any kind.

Here, at headquarters, they are checked and if the applicant meets the requirements he is sent a notice of the time and place of the examination. Later on, after the marks are in, he may be called upon for an oral examination or interview and then a physical examination. It is stated that about one-seventh of the positions filled require the applicant to live in Washington. The other six-sevenths are outside the District of Columbia. Nearly half of these are under the Post Office Department; the others are divided among a number of Federal agencies, the War department having the largest group.

Positions, at Washington, are usually administrative, professional, subprofessional, or clerical in character. For this reason, a college education is more frequently required in examinations for positions in the Nation's Capital. The proportion of positions in the skilled trades is much greater outside Washington.

What are the chances of advancement in the Civil Service setup, as it is true that many of the starting salary schedules are not high? The answer to this question is "Very good." Employees are trained by supervisors, and where necessary by instructors in the particular duties which they are required to perform. They may be promoted or transferred to other positions without competing again with the general public. In certain agencies, they may compete with one another for promotion to higher positions, with due weight given to the efficiency they have shown on the job.

How about salary? Employees in most branches of the service are assured of equal pay for equal work by the requirement that their salaries be determined through studies of the responsibility and

difficulty of the work to which they have been assigned and the qualifications required to perform it.

How about security? Well, they are assured by law of the same treatment in removal which would be given them by a fair and progressive private business. This clears up one popular misconception, namely, that you cannot be fired! You can if you fail to live up to the requirements of the position.

How about retirement? Usually, one does not always think of this when he is out looking for a position, but the Federal government does think of it. Employees who have served fifteen years or more and have reached the retirement age fixed for their positions and employees who, after serving five years or more, become totally disabled for efficient service in their positions because of disease or injury not due to their own misconduct, receive annuities from a fund which is made up in part of money deducted from their salaries during their employment.

It may be well to also state that both men and women are employed in the Federal government positions filled by Civil Service ratings. However, when there is an adequate supply of qualified persons of one sex, but not of the other, or where persons of one sex, but not of the other, are suitable for the duties of the position, an examination may be restricted to competitors of one sex. The appointing officer is not required to consider the names of both men and women for appointment to a particular position, and will be furnished the names of men only (or women only) if he so requests. Information about the preference of the appointing officer, when it is known, is given in the examination announcement.

Finally, about examinations because so many questions come up about this phase of the service. It is impracticable for the Commission to undertake to notify an individual of every examination as it is announced. However, a person may have his name placed on file, upon request, for notification of the next competitive examination for a particular type of position. He should state the title of the position as exactly as possible in his request. The first time within the next three years that an examination is announced for this position, he will be sent an examination announcement and necessary application forms. His name will be removed from the file when the notice is sent, or at the end of three years if no such examination has been announced in the meantime. A person who wishes to renew his request for notification may do so by writing again to the office which placed his name on file.

Down on the Farm

Abbot Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

FOR YEARS I have been saying: "The young man that stays on the farm today will be the big man of tomorrow—if he goes in for scientific farming." With me that is a conviction. How I have regretted to see so many good farmers' sons look longingly to the city, as though prosperity and happiness lay in that direction. What a joy it has been to see a sturdy farmer boy plan to stay on the farm.

The artificiality of our civilization has reached its climax. The bubble has already burst. City opportunities are fading away. Industrialism can not endure at the present gait. Life must be lived more simply. There already exists a trend from the artificiality of city life to the simple, satisfying naturalness of country life. Even the city workers are happy to leave the unwelcome atmosphere of offices and shops to go out to homes in the country. The auto makes this possible. The wiser young folks of today will go a step further and spend not only the evening and night in the country, but the day as well, earning a living on the land.

In city factories human morale is bound to suffer. Man finds in factories only man-made things. He is paid to help make man-made things. And the method of making is so monotonous! God-given initiative is stifled. Enthusiasm is worn down. Ambition is crushed. Life becomes a hopeless grind towards the grave. How different it is out in the open expanses of nature, where man can lose himself in the things made by God. He can even become an instrument in the hands of God, working among the things that grow, that have life, that remind one of God. The real farmer is buoyed up by his work. It is varied, inspiring, uplifting.

Oh, yes, I know there is much complaint among the farmers. Many are unhappy and dissatisfied.



They get poor prices for their products. That is all because they do not plan to enjoy the independence that might so naturally be theirs. They hanker after the artificial things made in the city. They envy the clean hands and the white collar of the man in the office. They do not see the dyspepsia behind those hands and below that collar.

To discover the basic advantages of the farmer compare the poor farmer with the poor city worker. When the latter

has lost his job and emptied his pantry as well as his pocket book, there is nothing left but relief or beggary conditions. The farmer even in his poverty has a cow that supplies milk and butter, chickens that lay eggs even during sit-down strikes, a cellar that holds food over the winter, a garden that is eager to produce, fruit trees, berrybushes, and many other things that help to tide the family over difficult times. To foster an appreciation of these simple supplies that sustain human life, will enable the farmer to live so economically that in normal days he can easily prosper. He does not need a big farm. The big farm is for the man that wants to get rich in dollars. The moderate little farm is for the man that wants to lead a contented Christian life that will make him and his family rich for heaven.

Think of the joys that compensate the farmer family for the faithful performance of daily work and chores. First of all there is the healthful atmosphere of the unspoiled country air. There is the inspiration of God's handiwork whichever way one turns. There is the possibility of planning for one's own family. No factory whistle halts the growing of the corn and the wheat. The tired farmer leaves off work for the night or for meals, yet all along nature, or the God of nature, takes care of the steady progress of the work that he has

started or directed. The whole farmer family can from time to time decree a holiday for themselves without danger of losing their job. Their crops keep on growing. They need only work a bit harder the day before or the day after and all will be evened up without deductions from the payroll envelope.

Best of all religion can easily be fitted into a rural program. Persons on the farm live so near to nature that they can not be far from God. It is easy for them consciously to regulate their day along Christian principles. If they habitually seek God rather than money they will the more easily succeed in their search. God Himself will bless such families with health and happiness.

Young man and young lady, think the matter over very thoroughly before you decide to join the slaves in the city. Be free. You may have little to

begin with. But nowhere can you so easily start with little as on the farm. In these days small farms can be bought on the easiest terms, long time terms. Do not rent a farm and develop it only to lose it later. Buy a very small piece of ground. Every inch that you develop will be yours to enjoy in its developed condition. With a little effort you will soon be a jack of all trades, able to develop the things that you need on a simple little farm. Your need for cash will be comparatively small. God's best gifts will come to you through his earth and nature that surrounds it on all sides. The earlier you decide to go on the farm the luckier you will be. Others will soon be going in that direction, and with their going land values will increase. Be among the first to take advantage of the low priced land of today, the land that is filled with God's blessings.



I Go to Business

Marie H. Doyle

MRS. HOMEBODY looks out of the window, of an early morning and sees Mrs. Business Woman hurrying down the street. The latter is trim and neat, her hair well dressed, her hat smart and new, her shoes and gloves in accord. Mrs. H. thinks of the few clothes that she has, she looks about at the old slip covers, the faded drapes, and above all she ponders how to get the new Easter outfits for the children. Now if she could only go to business, the extra fifteen or twenty dollars per week, that she would earn, would provide for the needs of the home, the children would be proud to see Mother so well dressed, so competent, and in their new outfits they would not be embarrassed among their schoolmates. It is only natural that any Mother should want a nice home, well-dressed children, and should like to make a good appearance herself. And it is not unnatural that she should envy her friend, Mrs. Business Woman. But there is another side to this picture, one that she might well consider.

So much has been written about the woman in the business world. All sorts of criticisms have

been hurled against her. The most common one being that the business woman who is married is working for luxuries. No doubt there are women, many of them, who are shirking the sublime duty of motherhood because they are selfish, because they like the business world and dislike house-keeping and because they are unwilling to give up material comforts and pleasures for the sacrifices demanded by maternal cares. Happily these superficial characters are in the minority. Perhaps in time they will be eliminated from the business world.

The average Catholic business woman works today of sheer necessity. Debts, illness, salary reductions, high living costs, etc., have driven the average married woman, who loves and cherishes her home and children, to take her place in business either to supplement her husband's income or in many cases to replace it when his earning power has ceased.

Now what is this business world like that she suddenly faces after the security of her husband's income has been taken from her? Or for that matter what does the business world hold for any young

girl plunging into it for the first time? Is it as rosy as it appears to the worried Mrs. Homebody who looks out the window, with envying eyes upon her smartly dressed neighbors hurrying to their offices?

The business world today is no paradise. In mentioning a few of its difficulties I do not mean to intimate that the business world does not have a bright side. It brings friendships that are golden. It is mentally stimulating, interesting and progressive. It permits contacts that are a rare privilege. Indeed one meets magnificent characters carrying on day by day, weighted with financial and domestic cares that are tremendous, under a pressure that would break the average person. They have a word and a thought for their humblest employee. They give the utmost consideration to every one who approaches their desks. Amid the pitiless pressure of a business day they find time to give encouragement and to do good.

But these persons offer an oasis in the desert of the daily struggle. They are gentle, kindly Samaritans lost amidst the throngs of Pharisees. When bruised and all but crushed by the stabs and connivings of the latter you find your way to the comforting presence of the sincere Christlike man of business, you find new courage, you believe again in your fellow-man and you "carry on."

What makes the business world so hard? The great and outstanding difficulty of the woman behind the desk, who must earn her living, is the barbed wire entanglements of deceit and down right dishonesty that envelope her, no matter which way she turns. There is no real truth in the business world today. A lady who was preparing to open an office in a large city, where she was quite a stranger, sought counsel and direction from a young woman who held a very fine position. The newcomer explained her plan and her abilities and told her friend just what she had done in the past and what she proposed to do and asked how she should go about making contacts, beginning her work. The young executive leaned back in her chair, looked at the older lady and with a sophisticated, cynical smile said: "Well, you can't talk like that to people in the business world. Why you silly, you tell the truth. You'll never get anywhere with that sort of approach."

No, there is little room for the honest person today. Every moment you must be on your guard. Small untruths used for business convenience soon grow into basic untruths used for business principle. You make a contact, you are absolutely sincere in your presentation. That's unique. The contact plays along with you, "kids you." You go

home or to your office, encouraged. That contact means everything to you. It may mean bread to your family. For back of many a smartly attired business woman is a heart break and a longing for her children, perhaps a sick husband or a choking debt, but you smile and act placid and patient when you are a caldron of anxiety. All the while your contact is "kidding." You make a thousand and one trips to see him, you call up and call up again, when you need those nickels, you need them terribly. Then one day you see through the whole thing. He never meant to give you the job or the work.

The woman in business is too often the easiest victim for the unscrupulous business man. So she must be ever on her guard, weigh her every word. She needs the Holy Ghost to give her words, to help her make her decisions, not once, during the day, but constantly. The concentration camp can hold no tortures that can be more cruel than the deceptions and trickeries, double-crossings and lies that infest the business world of today.

There is another factor that makes the business world an unknown quantity, an obstacle in the path of the ambitious, needy business woman. And that factor is known by the very common, slang name of "pull." Whether you have your own business or are a bundle wrapper in Dacy's, you have to fight against "pull." You mark dresses in the sub-basement, and you would like so much to mark dresses in the first basement. How can you get up there? "Do you know Mr. So and So who is service manager of that department? If you can have him speak to Miss Brown the second assistant personnel manager she might listen to you and put in a good word to Mr. Black the head of the dress makers." "No, I don't know Mr. So and So but I have been here two years, I have a perfect rating, have never been late or absent, or made a mistake, don't my qualifications help?" "Oh yes, but if you *just knew* Mr. So and So it would help." And there you are. From the humblest marker up to the Manager sitting apart in his inner sanctum, it is not so much what do you know, what do you have to give to the business world, but *whom* do you know in the business world?

My dear Mrs. Homebody, when your winter coat begins to get shabby, when the children's Easter outfits are only the old ones lengthened, pressed and cleaned, don't look out the window and envy Mrs. Business Woman, all epic and span going out to business. She is going out to fight, and fight she must, every one of the eight hours she is at her job, and if she has Faith she prays, and prays, and prays.

In the Archbishop's Garden

Our Blessed Mother is the Patroness of Vocations

Pascal Boland, O.S.B.

IT WAS May in the Archbishop's garden and the birds and flowers sang and blossomed. Flinging their songs from glad throats, the birds were everywhere; and the flowers swung like censers in the breeze sending their fragrance upward to the God that made them. It was in this cloistered place in a big city that the Archbishop spent the close of the day, forgetting for the while its cares and his burden as a great shepherd of the flock of Christ. And it was here that children came who gathered about the Archbishop whenever he was at leisure. This afternoon the Archbishop was enjoying the company of Ann and Jimmy, two neighboring children, while he told them a story.

"The Blessed Mother never fails to answer our prayers to her," the Archbishop was saying as two pairs of eyes looked at him in rapt attention. "Often people pray to her to guide them in a right choice of their state of life, especially young people; so we call Our Lady the Patroness of vocations. When I was a young priest, without my trimmings,"—he smiled as he touched his ring and pectoral cross and his two little friends laughed,—"I knew a family of five children, two boys and three girls, whose mother and father prayed very much to the Blessed Mother. As each child was born, it was dedicated to her and when it became old enough to lisp its first prayers, it was taught to say three *Hail Marys* every day in honor



Around Our Maypole

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

Bright Month of May!
See! Everywhere
Glad children frolic, shout
And romp at play—
Then weave about
Their Maypole in the perfumed air.

O Mary, thus
Thy children, we
Dance round thee, for thy hand
Holds fast for each of us
Vocation's varicolored band—
The bond of true felicity.

of the Blessed Mother so that each would follow the vocation that God wanted it to.

The oldest boy, Tom, had always wanted to be a priest. When he was old enough to enter the Seminary and to start studying to become a priest, he became doubtful about his vocation. He thought about becoming a chemist. He began to day-dream of becoming rich and famous through a new discovery in science. He thought about marrying a beautiful girl and building a grand home, about having little boys and girls of his own. These day-dreams had such an effect on him that he

almost decided not to become a priest. One day he dropped into the Church to pray before the altar of the Blessed Mother, and while kneeling there looking at her statue and thinking of his problem, he seemed to hear her say in his heart that he knew what God wanted of him and that was to be a priest. Tom told his father that night how he felt about the whole thing and what had happened when he was praying that afternoon. His father told him that what had happened was Our Lady's answer to the three Hail Marys that he had been saying every day. Tom be-

came a priest and he told me on the day of his First Mass that the Blessed Mother had helped him in a thousand ways all through the long course in the Seminary and that he owed his vocation to her."

"What about one of the girls, Your Grace? Or

didn't the Blessed Mother help them?" asked Ann, hoping for another story, but Jimmy was still thinking of the first one with a meditative look in his earnest eyes.

"Virginia was the name of the oldest girl," continued the Archbishop. "She was a great help to her mother with the house-work and in caring for the younger children. As she grew older her mother and father often remarked what a wonderful wife and mother Virginia would someday be. She herself never thought much about getting married and having a home of her own, nor did she ever seriously think about entering a convent and becoming a Sister. She always said her three *Hail Marys* daily and knew that when the time came for her to make a decision about her vocation the Blessed Mother would be there to help her make the right choice. She had dates, went to dances and shows like the rest of her friends. One day she was introduced to a young man named Dick, whom she learned was a good Catholic. That night while she was saying her prayers by her statue of our Blessed Mother in her room, the face of Dick seemed to float around

the statue; and when she closed her eyes to banish the distraction, she saw his face more clearly. The realization that Dick was the answer to her three *Hail Marys* made itself felt in her heart. And that same night while Dick was saying his prayers, the same thing happened to him. He had been praying to the Blessed Mother to find him a girl that would make him a good wife. Virginia and Dick were married and have children of their own now."

"To keep you from wondering about what became of the other three in that family, the other boy is married, one girl became a Sister, and the other a nurse. I'll tell you some other time about how the Blessed Mother helped them. So you little rascals, if you want the Blessed Mother to be on your side when you grow up, you had better never skip your three *Hail Marys*."

The Archbishop arose as a signal that it was time for him to go into the house for the evening meal; his two little friends knelt down in the gravel path as he blessed them with a prayer in his heart to our Lady to keep them ever safe.

The Model

The Model arose from the studio chair
With a look so weary and worn,
In wild disorder, his long dark hair,
His clothing, old, dirty and torn.

"How old are you?" the Artist asked
As the Model would not stay,—
"The best years of my life are past,
I am thirty years old, today."

The Artist mused, as he looked at the face
So evil, so furrowed, so thin,—
Dissipation and sin had left a trace,—
"A perfect Judas, ah, what he might have been!"

As "Judas" closed the studio door,
On his lonesome way he went,
His heart with sin and sorrow, sore,
He thought—"I can repent, I will repent!"

And soon with clothing clean and neat,
With clear and shining eye,
His fellow man does kindly greet
And does not pass him bye.

Three years of righteous living past
In the Park with the children he plays,—
The Artist stops, "My Christ, at last!
I have waited three years of days—"

"Come, my man, my Model be
For Christ, in my picture, I pray!"
"Proudly will I model HIM, you see
I was Judas, three years today."

"Hope"

Get Your Test-Tube

Mary Rien Sullivan

WE ARE living in a scientific age. This means that scientific research, scientific methods of doing things and scientific results are required in almost every industry and in many walks of life. Scientific teaching and the teaching of science are required in all preparatory colleges as well as in all secondary schools, of our country.

Today genius is sought in every walk of life—not only sought but found both among those whose environment was the best in early childhood and youth, and who developed without the sting of poverty, and among those whose birth was lowly and whose early days were spent among the poor and uneducated. Good environment and freedom from want give the young soul a favorable garden in which to develop; while with the less favored it is the desire to rise above the lowly in order to assist those who are handicapped and seemingly out of the race, that procures an honorable place on the stage of life. God perceives this unselfish desire for service and often bestows upon the ambitious the gift of great opportunity with which they may accomplish their desire.

In London, England, the children of the classes were formerly educated in the County Council Schools at the expense of the city, up to the age of fifteen years. If a pupil, especially a boy, were recommended by several of his teachers as brilliant, he was allowed an extra year of higher education, but at the age of sixteen years, he was required to stop. Later, the English recognized the lack of genius. After much thought and deliberation the following plan was adopted; students were watched and rated from six years to fifteen years, and if they showed marked ability and were recommended by their teachers as deserving of a college education, they were sent to Oxford or to Cambridge for a four year course, at the expense of the city. England wisely saw that she needed fresh brains and fresh blood among her leaders. She was scientific in her decision.

Science is a knowledge of the principles and causes used in ascertaining truth or facts. It is accumulated and established knowledge which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths, or the operation of general laws. It is a knowledge classified and made available in work, in life, or in the search for

further truth. It is comprehensive, profound, and philosophical, and must lead to truth, or "*that which is.*"

Science may be applied or pure. Applied science is a knowledge of facts, events, or phenomena as explained or accounted for, or produced by means of power, causes, or laws. Pure science is the knowledge of these powers, causes, or laws, considered apart from all application. Science reasons from cause to effect; and from effect back to cause.

The ancients reckoned seven sciences: namely, grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. The first three are included in the trivium and the remainder in the quadrivium.

Science is literally knowledge, but usually denotes a systematic and an orderly arrangement of knowledge. In a more distinctive sense it embraces those branches of which the subject matter is either ultimate principles or facts as explained by principles and laws, and arranged in natural order. As science is an investigator of truth, it makes one skillful because it studies scientific principles with scientific apparatus under scientific observation. The method consists of observation, experiments, and generalization of results into formulated laws and statements.

It is not so long ago, but that some may have a personal knowledge of the fact that science was accorded a very insignificant place in the curriculum of many colleges. Thus in suggesting or urging the study of science, there is much to be said regarding its usefulness in everyday life. There is much to be said about scientific methods in building, in business, in manufacturing, in farming, in commerce, in the conservation of the forests, in retarding the erosion of the soil by wind and rivers, in controlling floods, in using scientific methods of mining ores and coal, and in securing and salvaging by-products, even in the preventing of strikes and settling controversies.

Is there a culture value in science? May a man pursue science for its culture value as one pursues the classics, literature, history, or mathematics? Is a man made a better man through the study of science?

The development of man today is a complex undertaking. No man can hope to master all knowledge. Today man must develop into an alert, quick,

accurate, honorable being, able to comprehend and classify the multitude of facts and to grasp and solve the many problems with which modern life is filled. No one can hope to acquaint himself with all the facts; but we may prepare ourselves to classify and arrange them, and here perhaps is the test of a good training of what we call culture. It is the ability to classify properly. That culture is best which so prepares a man that whatever fact presents itself to him, he will be able to arrange it accurately with reference to others. This ability to classify facts is far more important than the mere acquaintance with facts, however extended the latter may be. Will science help in such a training as this? Can it, too, contribute to culture?

It must be clearly understood that nothing here said implies the substitution of the culture of science for that given by the classics, literature, history—mathematics excepted. We cannot spare that culture from modern life. But we need in addition the special help and culture given by science. The culture given by science must be supplementary to and not substituted for the culture with which we have long been familiar.

There are many branches of science which appeal to man and which have aided in the development of civilization. The small child loves his nature study and little Johnny has one eye on his chemical set and his mechanical train when he writes to Santa Claus. General science, including physiology, botany, and zoology in its elementary stage, is taught in the grammar school with great success.

More advanced work is taken up in the high or secondary schools. Medicine has derived much aid from botany, which has both an economic and culture value. Zoology has freed the mind of man of superstition and has done much to make culture possible. The oracles are no longer consulted. No Caesar on the banks of the Rubicon would make the crossing depend upon the flight of birds. No general would throw the sacred chickens into the sea to make them drink, because they refused to eat before he set out for battle. The Lorelei of the Rhine is banished. The remoras are captured, classified, and harmlessly repose as objects of curiosity. Our paths are no longer beset with dragons; and high hopes and aspirations are no longer at the mercy of the fairies and the genii.

Nor do we think that bees and other insects are generated by decomposing flesh. That the reign of law is supreme is accepted. Living beings as well as the waves are subject to law. "Thus far and no farther" applies to them as well as to the waves.

There are many distinguished names in science that have inspired human interest. Who can sit in the Duomo of Pisa and look upon the old bronze lamp swinging, swinging, swinging, with exact rhythm on its long suspended chain, just as it hung centuries ago when Galileo watched it and dis-

covered isochronism of the pendulum, without reverence? If I could capture that motion, he thought, I could mark the passing of time. Every clock today, as it swings its pendulum and ticks away the seconds, says, "Galileo." Copernicus turning over with death-stricken hands, the first copy of the solar system is also a figure to excite admiration.

Even nearer to our own time, as we look upon the simple microscope and the test tubes used by Pasteur, we can almost see the joy in his face when he realized the accuracy of his experiments and realized the benefits to future generations.

Instead of the caprice of classical gods and goddesses, reason has supplanted a physical organism, devised and elaborated by Infinite Wisdom. Man has learned to so order his physical life that it will conform to the laws of the physical world. He observes that in this great universe all the parts are subject to the Divine Law. There is no noise, no hurrying, no stopping; everything is on time, and in its intended place. Law and order are supreme.

In our major colleges physics, chemistry, and geology, are the favorite branches of science. President Schurman of Cornell once said, "No matter what you give these students, be sure to require physics." Yes, we all need physics, but physics requires mathematics, despite the well known toast, "Here's to mathematics. May it never be useful to anyone." But it is useful and no student will ever advance or succeed without an accurate knowledge of mathematics. His training will make him exact.

Chemistry, too, holds a high place in the economy of life. It must be recognized that there are two enduring things in the universe—matter and energy. In studying a chemical change both should be considered. As chemistry is a branch of the study of the relations of matter and energy, it should be preceded by the more general aspect of this subject undertaken by physics. Chemical changes are going on all about us and students should be taught to observe carefully.

Physics is a fundamental subject and more than any other is essential to the pursuit of other branches of science. It should be placed on an equal footing with the most favored subjects. Physics deals with phenomena with which everyone is interested and in which every man and woman has more or less to do in life. Its successful study requires clear thinking and accurate expression. Science because it reasons from cause to effect affords the best mental discipline. The subject should be so presented that the pupil's interest is maintained not from secondary interest, such as fine marks or a certain number of credits; but because he is conscious of success by fully exerting his mental powers in mastering what he desires to know.

That Letter of Application

Calvin T. Ryan

VERY LIKELY the most important letter that any person ever writes is the one with which he applies for a position. The letter is the silent salesman who goes in the place of the writer. It represents the writer.

Furthermore, the letter is in competition with other letters. Because it is, the letter must make a good appearance on the outside as well as on the inside. If the writer were going in person he would groom himself appropriately. He would try to make a favorable impression from the time he entered the office for the interview until he left. Likewise the letter must make a favorable impression, first on the outside, then on the inside.

Letters of application offer something for sale. The writer tries to sell his services to a prospective buyer. Since this is true, the letter of application must be based on the laws of salesmanship. They must attract the right kind of attention. They must create a favorable interest.

It will help if the writer will put himself in the place of the prospective employer. Just what would you want to know about an applicant if you were hiring him or her? Of course, the position to be filled often determines what will be needed in the applicant. A school board in search of a teacher would not look for the same qualifications as would an employer of a stenographer.

In a general way, however, every letter of application will have about the same contents in the Body. These contents will include the educational qualifications of the applicant, his or her experience, personal data, and references. The differences in these parts will be made according to the nature of the position you are applying for. You stress the thing which applies to the position for which you are applying.

1. *Educational qualifications.* Include in this part your high school courses, with emphasis upon those which especially fit you for the work you will be expected to do if you are selected for the position. Certainly you will mention the work you have

done in the commercial department if you are applying for a secretarial or stenographic job. You will need to tell about your work in English. If you have attended business college in addition to high school, mention the work taken and the name of the school attended.

2. *Experience.* Maybe you haven't had any. If not, do not talk about what you haven't had; talk about what you have had. Isn't that what the salesman does when he is trying to sell you anything from a ribbon to an automobile? He talks about what is present. So with your experience. Don't talk about what you haven't done. Talk about what you have done, or what experiences you have had while taking the courses. Emphasize how practical the courses were.

3. *Personal data.* Looks do mean something in any occupation. Many employers want a photograph. They will want to know your age. Some of them will want to know your height and weight. Civil Service positions usually ask for the color of applicant's eyes and hair. Of course health is significant. It will be a fine thing if you can write that you have lost no time from school because of illness. Add to that record that you have no physical defects, and you are a long way toward consideration.

4. *References.* In the previous paragraphs you have talked about yourself. Now what will others say about you? Your pastor, if he is the kind who answers letters promptly, will be a good name to put down. So will your high school principal if he knows you at all. Your teachers will be glad to help you. Your family physician is usually a good reference.

As a matter of courtesy ask a person for permission to use his or her name as a reference.

For ease of reference, put each division of the Body of the letter in a separate paragraph.

Do not start another reference on the half line. Drop back for each name. Give each person's oc-

cupation and address. Include full titles and first names or initials.

General impression made by the form of the letter is part of the appeal. That is, balance the writing on the page. Do not send along finger prints, unless they are called for. If you make a blot, or a smear, rewrite the letter. Have it neat to the last look.

There are two forms of punctuation—the open and the closed. Either one is correct, but do not mix them. If you write the Heading of your letter in open form, then all other parts of the letter must correspond, including the address on the envelope. The same is true if you write your Heading in closed form. Be consistent.

Use good stationery. Certainly you could not make a good impression if you wrote your letter on the same kind of paper you use for notetaking in your classes. A man once applied for a position in the English department of a college and used children's note paper, on which was a Scottie dog! That letter is on exhibit yet, although it was written eight years ago.

Whether you type your letter or use pen and ink is best determined by the kind of position for which you are applying. If you are not a good writer, certainly a messy looking letter will not be in your favor.

It should go without saying that the letter of application must be in English, spelled according to Webster, and capitalized according to the rules found in almost any English textbook. Proper adjectives are always capitalized. The names of languages are proper adjectives, hence they should be capitalized. For example, English, French, German, Latin. Other studies are not proper adjectives, and need not be capitalized. You may have studied history, geometry, typing, and English while you were in school.

When you have written your application, close your letter. The use of a paragraph beginning with "Hoping," "Trusting," and the like is not needed. When you have finished, quit. Say "Very truly yours," or "Yours truly," or "Respectfully yours." Leave the more intimate forms of conclusion to use in your personal letters. Business is business.



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



BLESSED CHILDREN

A VERY truly Catholic Home is a sacred temple. There is the filled holy water stoup at the door, the crucifix in a prominent place on the wall with sacred pictures and images tastefully arranged about it, just as in the parish church. There is the daily sacrifice and daily prayer. The father of the family is the high priest with the mother sharing in this high privilege. Both offer to God of their own substance—their child and children—to be changed, like the offering at Mass, into the mystical body of Christ.

The duties of a priest are to teach, to offer sacrifice, to transmit graces, to bless. Good parents will teach their children the way to God. They will gladly offer them to God and teach them how to give themselves unreservedly to His service. By their virtuous lives father and mother will be the channels of untold graces for their offspring. But how many, conscious of their high dignity as God's priests, perform the duty of blessing their children? After every Mass, except when offered for the dead, those assisting are dismissed with a blessing. The *parental blessing* is the best "good night!" for the children; it is the best companion when children leave home for school or work. It is the best wedding gift for the grown son and daughter who leave the parental roof to found a new, sacred temple in which they will exercise the functions of priests. It is the blessing of God with which all things prosper. And the conferring of it is so simple. On the forehead of the kneeling child father or mother trace with their thumb, moistened with holy water, the sign of the cross, saying: "May the blessing of God, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost come down upon you and remain with you forever." The blessed child will readily answer: "Amen."

"He Blessed them."
—St. Mark 10:16.

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